THE TREASURE BOOK of Children's Verse

Edited by MABEL & LILIAN QUILLER-COUCH

THE TREASURE BOOK OF CHILDREN'S VERSE

"DO NOT FEAR TO PUT THY FEET
NAKED IN THE RIVER SWEET."

The River-God's Song [Page 348]

THE TREASURE BOOK OF CHILDREN'S VERSE

ARRANGED BY MABEL AND LILIAN QUILLER-COUCH

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR BY M. ETHELDREDA GRAY

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PREFACE

"Ought I not to be grateful for all these blessings which I possess without deserving them?" Such were the thoughts inculcated in the minds of good children of the days of *Sandford* and *Merton*. The more natural type of the "human boy" of this century, and perhaps of all time, is represented by Master Tommy Merton, "who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life without reflecting from whom he had received them." Young readers of this selection will, we hope, thank those who present them with a copy of it; but we fear that only in the roundabout manner of tacit appreciation will they show gratitude to the authors of the poems.

The editors, however, must not forgo the opportunity and the duty of thanking all who have enabled them to compile this volume and make it as good as it is. To those who are no longer here to read our words we tender silent gratitude for the wealth they have left to us. But to those other poets who have so generously helped us, and are, happily, still in our midst, we wish to offer our very sincere thanks. In several cases not only have the authors granted us permission to make use of their poems, but their personal interest has been taken in the selection, and the proofs have been read by them.

Our gratitude is due to Mr. Austin Dobson for one poem; to Mr. Fred E. Weatherly for eight poems; to Mr. Alfred Noyes for four poems; to Mr. A. St. John Adcock for one poem; to Mr. Canton and Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton for three poems; to Mr. Norman Gale for two poems; to Sir Everard Hastings

Doyle for one poem; to Mrs. Robertson-Glasgow for one poem; to Mr. Walter de la Mare for three poems; to Messrs. Allen and Sons for one poem by W. Cory; to Mrs. Allingham for three poems by William Allingham; to Mr. John Lane for two poems by Eugene Field. Acknowledgments are also gladly made to Messrs. Longmans for three poems by Stevenson; to Messrs. Allen and Sons for four poems by George MacDonald; and to Mr. John Lane for three poems by W. Brighty Rands.

In some cases it has been extremely difficult to trace and find the author of a poem, but we sincerely hope that nothing has been used by us wrongfully; and if by chance we have been guilty of neglect in acknowledging our obligations, we trust that our honest endeavours to trace all poems to their authors will be accepted as our apology.

M. Q.-C.
L. Q.-C.

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Part One: FAIRIES AND FANCIES

THE TREASURE BOOK OF CHILDREN'S VERSE

Part One: Fairies and Fancies

A PLEASANT SHIP

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move
The captain said "Quack! Quack!"

Old Rhyme.

TOYS AT NIGHT

I

CUPBOARD LAND

Good-night, dear toys, we love you so,
But Mother's calling, we must go;
The day has been so sweet and bright,
So go to sleep till morning light.

Good-night, dear Dolly, do not fear,
For good old Dobbin's watching near,
And now and then he'll give a bray,
And that will keep the ghosts away.

Good-night, dear Dobbin, stay awake
And watch o'er Dolly for my sake;
Don't let her fear—you understand,
But keep good watch in Cupboard Land.

Good-night, my dear old butcher's shop,
Good-night, dear drum, and flag, and top;
When day returns we'll have such fun,
Good-night, good-night, to every one!

II

WHAT THE TOYS DO

The cupboard was closed, and the children had gone,
There were only the stars in the sky looking on;

"GOOD-NIGHT, DEAR DOLLY, DO NOT FEAR,
FOR GOOD OLD DOBBIN'S WATCHING NEAR."

Cupboard Land (Page 22)

Toys at Night

When up jumped the toys and peeped out on the sky,
For they always awake—when there's nobody by.

The children were far away saying their prayers,
So the toys lightly stole down the shadowy stairs,
And each said to each, "We'll be off, you and I,"
For the toys—they can speak,—when there's nobody by.

So off to the city they went, two and two,
To see if, perchance, any good they could do,
To cheer the poor children whose lives are so sad,
For the toys always try to make every one glad.

III

FROM GOLDEN LAND

The city sleeps! the night is clear,
The moonlight lies like driven snow,
What little feet are these we hear,
That up the garret stairway go?
What little fingers these that stand
And lift the latch as in a spell?
They are the toys from Golden Land,
Where all the happy children dwell.

O see! the crazy door flings wide,
And in they patter two and two,
And there they stand from Golden Land,
All drest in gold and red and blue.

The poor cold room is filled with light,
The startled children ope their eyes,
Is it a band of fairies bright?
Or angels from the starry skies?

Hark! hark! the merry laugh and shout,
As round and round the room they go;
The children stare with arms stretched out,
Forgetting all their want and woe.
They think no more of starving days,
Of crusts to beg, of rags to wear;
To-night they stand in Golden Land,
And life, for once, is bright and fair.

Fred. E. Weatherly.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MOON

"Say, where have you been, Frank—say, where have you been?"
"Oh! I've been a long way: I've been to the moon."
"But how did you get there? and what have you seen?"
"Oh! I went, to be sure, in my little balloon.

"And I've seen—why, I've seen the old man who lives there;
And his mouth, it grew bigger the nearer I got:
So I pulled off my hat, made a bow with an air,
And said, 'Sir, you inhabit a very bright spot.'

Tartary

"And the old man he laughed, he laughed long
and loud;
And he patted my cheek as he graciously said,
'You had better return, nor get lost in a cloud;
And besides, it is time that we both were in bed.'"

A.

TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To all my meals should summon me,
And in my courtyards bray;
And in the evenings lamps should shine
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp and flute and mandoline,
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And small, and thick as seeds;

And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale!
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale!

W. de la Mare.

A LAKE AND A FAIRY BOAT

A lake and a fairy boat
To sail in the moonlight clear,—
And merrily we would float
From the dragons that watch us here!

Thy gown should be snow-white silk;
And strings of orient pearls,
Like gossamers dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy raven curls!

Red rubies should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy dower—
But Fairies have broke their wands,
And wishing has lost its power!

Thomas Hood.

"IF I WERE LORD OF TARTARY
MYSELF AND ME ALONE,
MY BED SHOULD BE OF IVORY,
OF BEATEN GOLD MY THRONE."

Tartary (Page 27)

QUEEN MAB

A little fairy comes at night,
  Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
  And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
  And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left
  And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
  Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
  And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
  From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
  And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
  For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
  Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
  From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
  Of only ugly horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round;
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

Thomas Hood.

CATCHING FAIRIES

They're sleeping beneath the roses;
Oh! kiss them before they rise,
And tickle their tiny noses,
And sprinkle the dew on their eyes.
Make haste, make haste;
The fairies are caught;
Make haste.

We'll put them in silver cages,
And send them full-drest to court,
And maids of honour and pages
Shall turn the poor things to sport.

"THEY'RE SLEEPING BENEATH THE ROSES."

Catching Fairies (Page 32)

The Fairies

Be quick, be quick;
Be quicker than thought;
Be quick.

Their scarves shall be pennons for lancers,
We'll tie up our flowers with their curls,
Their plumes will make fans for dancers,
Their tears shall be set with pearls.
Be wise, be wise,
Make the most of the prize;
Be wise.

They'll scatter sweet scents by winking,
With sparks from under their feet;
They'll save us the trouble of thinking,
Their voices will sound so sweet.
Oh, stay, oh, stay:
They're up and away;
Oh, stay!

William Cory.

THE FAIRIES

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore,
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow-tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkill he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole Little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.

Pigwiggin Arms Himself

They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the crazy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

William Allingham.

PIGWIGGIN ARMS HIMSELF

He quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield,
Yet could it not be piercèd.

His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
And well-near of two inches long:
The pile was of a horsefly's tongue,
Whose sharpness nought reversèd.

And puts him on a coat of mail,
Which was of a fish's scale,
That when his foe should him assail,
No point should be prevailing:
His rapier was a hornet's sting;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the king,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him.
And for a plume a horse's hair
Which, being tossèd with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvet,
Ere he himself could settle:
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

Michael Drayton.

QUEEN MAB SETTING FORTH

Her chariot ready straight is made,
Each thing therein is fitting laid,
That she by nothing might be stayed,
For nought must be her letting;
Four nimble gnats the horses were,
Their harnesses of gossamer,
Fly Cranion the Charioteer
Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
So lively was the limning;
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly;
I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
With thistle-down they shod it;
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chance to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
To wait on her were fitted;

But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hasted after to be gone,
As he had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
Her special maids of honour;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got
And, what with amble, what with trot,
For hedge and ditch they sparèd not,
But after her they hie them;
A cobweb over them they throw
To shield the wind if it should blow,
Themselves they wisely could bestow
Lest any should espy them.

Michael Drayton.

ARIEL'S SONG

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curtsied when you have, and kissed
The wild waves whist,

Puck's Song

Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

William Shakespeare.

PUCK'S SONG

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

William Shakespeare.

THE FAIRY'S SONG

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonés sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

William Shakespeare.

THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN

You that have known the wonder zone
Of islands far away,
You that have heard the dinky bird
And roamed in rich Cathay,
You that have sailed o'er unknown seas
To woods of Amfalula trees
Where craggy dragons play,
Oh, girl or woman, boy or man,
You've plucked the flower of Old Japan!

The Flower of Old Japan

Do you remember the blue stream,
  The bridge of pale bamboo,
The path that seemed a twisted dream
  Where everything came true;
The purple cherry-trees, the house
With jutting eaves below the boughs,
  The mandarins in blue,
With tiny tapping, tilted toes,
And curious curved mustachios?

The road to Old Japan! you cry,
  And is it far or near?
Some never find it till they die,
  Some find it everywhere,
The road where restful Time forgets
His weary thoughts and wild regrets,
  And calls the golden year
Back in a fairy dream to smile
On young and old a little while.

Some seek it with a blazing sword,
  And some with old blue plates,
Some with a miser's golden hoard,
  Some with a book of dates,
Some with a box of paints; a few
Whose loads of truth would ne'er pass
    through
  The first white fairy gates,
And, O, how shocked they are to find
That truths are false when left behind!

Fairies and Fancies

Do you remember all the tales
  That Tusitala [1] told,
When first we plunged thro' purple vales
  In quest of buried gold?
Do you remember how he said
That if we fell and hurt our head
  Our hearts must still be bold,
And we must never mind the pain
But rise up and go on again?

Do you remember? Yes; I know
  You must remember still.
He left us, not so long ago,
  Carolling with a will,
Because he knew that he should lie
Under the comfortable sky
  Upon a lonely hill,
In Old Japan, when day was done,
"Dear Robert Louis Stevenson."

And there he knew that we should find
  The hills that haunt us now,
The whaups [2] that cried upon the wind
  His heart remembered how:
And friends he loved and left, to roam
Far from the pleasant hearth of home,
  Should touch his dreaming brow;
Where fishes fly and birds have fins,
And children teach the mandarins.

[1] The Samoan name for R. L. Stevenson.
[2] Curlews.

Peterkin

Ah, let us follow, follow far
  Beyond the purple seas,
Beyond the rosy foaming bar,
  The coral reef, the trees,
The land of parrots, and the wild
That rolls before the fearless child
  Its ancient mysteries:
Onward and onward, if we can,
To Old Japan—to Old Japan.

Alfred Noyes.

PETERKIN

Hush! if you remember how we sailed to Old Japan,
  Peterkin was with us then, our little brother Peterkin!
Now we've lost him, so they say: I think the tall thin man
Must have come and touched him with his curious twinkling fan
  And taken him away again, our merry little Peterkin;
He'll be frightened all alone; we'll find him if we can;
  Come and look for Peterkin, poor little Peterkin.

No one would believe us if we told them what we know,
  Or they wouldn't grieve for Peterkin, merry little Peterkin;
If they'd only watched us roaming through the streets of Miyako,
And travelling in a palanquin where parents never go,
  And seen the golden gardens where we wandered once with
    Peterkin,
And smelt the purple orchards where the cherry-blossoms blow,
  They wouldn't mourn for Peterkin, merry little Peterkin.

Put away your muskets, lay aside the drum,
  Hang it by the wooden sword we made for little Peterkin!

He was once our trumpeter, now his bugle's dumb,
Pile your arms beneath it, for the owlet light is come,
We'll wander through the roses where we marched of old with Peterkin.
We'll search the summer sunset where the Hybla beehives hum,
And—if we meet a fairy there—we'll ask for news of Peterkin.

He was once our cabin-boy and cooked the sweets for tea;
And O, we've sailed around the world with laughing little Peterkin;
From nursery floor to pantry door we've roamed the mighty sea,
And come to port below the stairs in distant Caribee;
But wheresoe'er we sailed we took our little lubber Peterkin,
Because his wide grey eyes believed much more than ours could see,
And so we liked our Peterkin, our trusty little Peterkin.

Peterkin, Peterkin, I think if you came back
The captain of our host to-day should be the bugler Peterkin,
And he should lead our smugglers up that steep and narrow track,
A band of noble brigands, bearing each a mighty pack
Crammed with lace and jewels to the secret cave of Peterkin,
And he should wear the biggest boots and make his pistol crack,—
The Spanish cloak, the velvet mask, we'd give them all to Peterkin.

Come, my brother pirates, I am tired of play;
Come and look for Peterkin, little brother Peterkin,
Our merry little comrade that the fairies took away,
For people think we've lost him, and when we come to say
Our good-night prayers to Mother, if we pray for little Peterkin

Her eyes are very sorrowful, she turns her head away.
Come and look for Peterkin, merry little Peterkin.

God bless little Peterkin, wherever he may be!
Come and look for Peterkin, lonely little Peterkin:
I wonder if they've taken him again across the sea
From the town of Wonder-Wander and the Amfalula tree,
To the land of many marvels where we roamed of old with Peterkin,
The land of blue pagodas and the flowery fields of tea!
Come and look for Peterkin, poor little Peterkin.

Alfred Noyes.

THE RAINBOW FAIRIES

Two little clouds one summer's day
Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
"Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
And one in indigo,
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red,—
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.

Lizzie M. Hadley.

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white
Are dreaming of bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.

A Visit from St. Nicholas

Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the east, and he rides to the west,
Of his goodies he toucheth not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

Unknown.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap;—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donner!* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples—how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;

When the World's Asleep

And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*"

Clement C. Moore.

WHEN THE WORLD'S ASLEEP

When the day is past and ended, and the daily tasks that men did
Have been laid aside unfinished till the dawn that comes too soon,
Children, then it is the playtime of whatever slept by daytime,
And the people of the darkness wake and live beneath the moon;
All day, every day in London, till they get what they've begun done,
Busy workers fill the City, worrying, hurrying, to and fro,
But when night is there, thereafter, oh, the ghostly noise and laughter
Of the folks who throng the streets and leave no footprints where they go!

While the moon and the lamps are alight,
And there's none to look on at the sight,
Oh, what doings begin
When the world has gone in
And the sun has gone out for the night!

For the ghosts of all the fancies, all the thinkings and romances
That throughout the day were penned up in the busy brains of men,
Climb or break their high or low pen and escape into the open—
And become as good as real in the quiet city then;
All the statues staid and solemn drop from pedestal and column,
Stretch their stiffened limbs, and live and walk, and talk like me and you,
And the pictures from the hoardings tired of lodging on their boardings,
Move amongst them, loving, hating, just as daylight mortals do.

And, as mists that from the sea rose, lovely heroines and heroes,
Who are all day shut in volumes put away on dusty shelves,
Youths and maidens, happy lovers, blithely rising from their covers,
Meet and baffle dreadful villains who are roaming like themselves;
Fays, whose home for evermore is in the realm of fairy stories,
Gnomes and elves and little people who have made us laugh and weep,
Dreams, that are but empty seeming until we ourselves are dreaming,
Come to life and fill the City, when the world is all asleep.

While the moon and the lamps are alight,
And there's none to look on at the sight,
Oh, what doings begin
When the world has gone in
And the sun has gone out for the night!

A. St. John Adcock.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;

Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.

The Forsaken Merman

She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the Holy Book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.

The Forsaken Merman

We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl;
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hillside—
And then come back down;
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

Matthew Arnold.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW

A MIDSUMMER LEGEND

"And where have you been, my Mary,
And where have you been from me?"
"I've been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer-night to see!"

"And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low?"
"I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow."

"And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Hill?"
"I heard the drops of water made,
And I heard the corn-ears fill."

"Oh! tell me all, my Mary,
All, all that ever you know,
For you must have seen the fairies,
Last night on the Caldon Low."

"Then take me on your knee, mother;
And listen, mother of mine.
A hundred fairies danced last night,
And the harpers they were nine.

"And their harp-strings rung so merrily
To their dancing feet so small;
But oh! the words of their talking
Were merrier far than all."

"And what were the words, my Mary,
That then you heard them say?"
"I'll tell you all, my mother;
But let me have my way.

"Some of them played with the water,
And rolled it down the hill;
'And this,' they said, 'shall speedily turn
The poor old miller's mill:

"'For there has been no water
Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man the miller will be
At dawning of the day.

"'Oh! the miller, how he will laugh
When he sees the mill-dam rise!
The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,
Till the tears fill both his eyes!'

"And some they seized the little winds
That sounded over the hill;
And each put a horn into his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill:

"'And there,' they said, 'the merry winds go,
Away from every horn;
And they shall clear the mildew dank
From the blind old widow's corn.

"'Oh! the poor blind widow,
Though she has been blind so long,
She'll be blithe enough when the mildew's gone,
And the corn stands tall and strong.'

"And some they brought the brown lint-seed,
And flung it down from the Low;
'And this,' they said, 'by the sunrise,
In the weaver's croft shall grow.

"'Oh! the poor lame weaver,
How he will laugh outright,
When he sees his dwindling flax-field
All full of flowers by night!'

"And then outspoke a brownie,
With a long beard on his chin;
'I have spun up all the tow,' said he,
'And I want some more to spin.

"'I've spun a piece of hempen cloth,
And I want to spin another;
A little sheet for Mary's bed,
And an apron for her mother.'

The Fairies of the Caldon Low

"With that I could not help but laugh,
And I laughed out loud and free;
And then on the top of the Caldon Low
There was no one left but me.

"And all on the top of the Caldon Low
The mists were cold and grey,
And nothing I saw but the mossy stones
That round about me lay.

"But coming down from the hill-top,
I heard afar below,
How busy the jolly miller was,
And how the wheel did go.

"And I peeped into the widow's field,
And, sure enough, were seen
The yellow ears of the mildewed corn,
All standing stout and green.

"And down by the weaver's croft I stole,
To see if the flax were sprung;
But I met the weaver at his gate,
With the good news on his tongue.

"Now this is all I heard, mother,
And all that I did see;
So, prythee, make my bed, mother,
For I'm tired as I can be."

Mary Howitt.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
  But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
  And his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little toy dog was new,
  And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
  Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
  "And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed,
  He dreamt of the pretty toys;

And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
  Awakened our Little Boy Blue—
Oh! the years are many, the years are long,
  But the little toy friends are true!

Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
  Each in the same old place—
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
  The smile of a little face;

And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
  In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
  Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field.

THE MERMAN

I

Who would be
A merman bold
Sitting alone,
Singing alone
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

II

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower;
And holding them back by their flowing locks
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away
To the pale-green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

III

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us afar—

Low thunder and light in the magic night—
    Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other and whoop and cry
    All night, merrily, merrily;
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
    All night, merrily, merrily;
But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis and agate and almondine:
Then leaping out upon them unseen
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kiss'd me
    Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green!
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE MERMAID

I

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl
With a comb of pearl
On a throne?

II

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown
Low adown and around,
And I should look like a fountain of gold
Springing alone
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea
From his coiled sleeps in the central deeps
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea
Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.

III

But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low-flowing locks,
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks;

We would run to and fro, and hide and seek,
On the broad sea-wolds in the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call, and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells;
For I would not be kiss'd by all who would list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are forked, and horned, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

Alfred Tennyson.

FAIRY-DAYS

Beside the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;

And many a quiet night,—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the new-born babe they blessed:
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown:
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down:
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the tender little creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest,
A waving ostrich plume—a buckler burnished bright;
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red—beneath his dark moustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

" Come forth, thou Paynim knight! "—he shouts in accents clear.
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke for stroke,
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee,
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, "You are free!"
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me.
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be
A child by the old hall-fire—upon my nurse's knee!

William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE FAIRY QUEEN

Come follow, follow me,
You fairy elves that be:
Which circle on the green
Come follow Mab your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish or bowl,
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
Then we pinch their arms and thighs;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid:
For we use before we go
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our table-cloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet, which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn-cups filled to the brink.

The grasshopper, gnat and fly
Serve for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

From Percy's "Reliques."

LADY MOON

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the Sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."
"Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?"
"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
"Over the Sea."
"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
"All that love me."

Lord Houghton.

Part Two: BIRDS AND FLOWERS, BEASTS AND INSECTS

Part Two: Birds and Flowers, Beasts and Insects

GREAT, WIDE, BEAUTIFUL, WONDERFUL WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that
flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A Whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are
such a dot:
You can love and think, and the earth cannot!"

William Brighty Rands.

THE FLY

How large unto the tiny fly
  Must little things appear!—
A rosebud like a feather bed,
  Its prickle like a spear;

A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
  A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard-seed
  As fierce as coals of fire;

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
  A wasp a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
  As lambkins to a shepherd.

W. de la Mare.

THE BEE

There is a little gentleman
    That wears the yellow trews,
A dirk below his doublet,
    For sticking of his foes.

He's in a stinging posture
    Where'er you do him see,
And if you offer violence
    He'll stab his dirk in thee.

"WORLD, YOU ARE BEAUTIFULLY DREST."
Great, Wide, Beautiful,
Wonderful World (Page 73)

THE RAT, CAT, AND MOUSE

A Rat and a Mouse,
Both dwelt in one house;
And stole both the bread and the cheese;
They were fond of a feast,
And would take of the best,
And long they lived thus, at their ease.

At length came the Cat,
But they did not like that,
For daily and nightly she sought 'em;
Till one night, out they came,
And she took a good aim,
And slew them as fast as she caught them.

Thus a rogue for a time
May go on in crime,
And be bold while each day he may do it:
But mark what I say,
There will come a day
When for what he has done he may rue it.

Unknown.

THE COW

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslips eat,
They will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

Jane and Ann Taylor.

BIRDS' NAMES

Of Creatures with Feathers, come let us see
Which have names like you and me.
Hook-nosed Poll, that thinks herself pretty,
Everyone knows, of all birds most witty.
Friendly Daw, in suit of gray,
Ask him his name, and "Jack" he'll say.
Pert Philip Sparrow hopping you meet,
"Philip! Philip!"—in garden or street.
Bold Robin Redbreast perches near,
And sings his best in the fall of the year.
Grave Madge Owlet shuns the light,
And shouts "Hoo! hoo!" in the woods at night.
Nightingale sweet, that May loves well,
Old poets called her Philomel,
But Philomelus, *he* sings best,
While *she* sits listening in her nest.
Darting Martin!—tell me why
They call you Martin, I know not, I;

A Warning for Birds'-Nesters

Martin the black, under cottage eaves,
Martin the small, in sandy caves.
Merry Willy Wagtail, what runs he takes!
Wherever he stops, his tail he shakes.
Head and tail little Jenny Wren perks,
As in and out of the hedge she jerks.
Brisk Tom Tit, the lover of trees,
Picks off every fly and grub he sees.
Mag, the cunning, chattering Pie,
Builds her home in a tree-top high,—
Mag, you're a terrible thief, O fie!
Tom and Philip and Jenny and Polly,
Madge and Martin and Robin and Willy,
Philomelus and friendly Jack,—
Mag the rogue, half-white, half-black,
Stole an egg from every bird;
Such an uproar was never heard;
All of them flew upon Mag together,
And pluck'd her naked of every feather.
" You're not a bird! " they told her then,
" You may go away and live among men! "

William Allingham.

A WARNING FOR BIRDS'-NESTERS

The robin and the redbreast,
The robin and the wren;
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again!

The robin and the red-breast,
The martin and the swallow;
If ye touch one o' their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow!

Anonymous.

MISTER FLY

What a sharp little fellow is Mister Fly!
He goes where he pleases, low or high,
And can walk just as well with his feet to the sky
As I can on the floor.
At the window he comes
With a buzz and a roar,
And o'er the smooth glass
Can easily pass
Or through the keyhole of the door.
He eats the sugar and goes away,
Nor ever once asks what there is to pay;
And sometimes he crosses the tea-pot's steam,
And comes and plunges his head in the cream;
Then on the edge of the jug he stands,
And cleans his wings with his feet and hands.

This done, through the window he hurries away,
And gives a buzz, as if to say,
"At present I haven't a minute to stay,
But I'll peep in again in the course of the day."
Then away he'll fly,
Where the sunbeams lie,
And neither stop to shake hands,
Nor bid one good-bye.

The Months

Such a strange little fellow is Mister Fly,
Who goes where he pleases, low or high,
And can walk on the ceiling
Without ever feeling
A fear of tumbling down "sky high!"

Thomas Miller.

THE MONTHS

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

Sara Coleridge.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF

How doth the little busy bee
  Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
  From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
  How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
  With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill
  I would be busy too:
For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

The Mountain and the Squirrel

In books, or work, or healthful play
  Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
  Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

The mountain and the squirrel
  Had a quarrel,
And the former call the latter "Little prig";
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big,
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere:
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place—
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry:
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut!"

R. W. Emerson.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

Little white Lily
  Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
  Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
  Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
  Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
  Said "It is good;
Little white Lily's
  Clothing and food."
Little white Lily,
  Drest like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
  And crown'd beside!

Little white Lily
  Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
  For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
  Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
  And filling it up.

Little white Lily
  Said, "Good again,

What Might Have Been

When I am thirsty
  To have nice rain;
Now I am stronger,
  Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
  My veins are so full! "

Little white Lily
  Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
  Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
  Thanks to the rain!
Little white Lily
  Is happy again!

George MacDonald.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

The little birds are singing
  Above their speckled eggs,
The daddy-long-legs talks about
  His children's lovely legs;

The red cow thinks her little calf
  The best that there can be,
And my papa and my mamma
  Are very proud of me!

And yet I might have been a bird,
And slept within a nest,
Or been a daddy-long-legs
With scarcely any chest;

Or been a little calf or pig,
And grown to beef or ham;
—I'm very, very, very glad
That I am what I am!

Fred E. Weatherly.

WISHING

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-Tree for our King!

Nay—stay! I wish I were an Elm-Tree,
A great lofty Elm-Tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glancing,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O—no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,

The Eagle

And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Home comes the rover,
For a Mother's kiss,—sweeter this
Than any other thing!

William Allingham.

THE DOVE

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died!
And I have thought it died of grieving;
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a single thread of my own hand's weaving;
Sweet little red feet! why should you die?
Why should you leave me, sweet bird! why?
You lived alone in the forest tree,
Why, pretty thing, would you not live with me?
I kissed you oft, and gave you white peas;
Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

John Keats.

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with hooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred Tennyson.

THE OWL

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Alfred Tennyson.

ANSWER TO A CHILD'S QUESTION

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush, say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they're silent—the wind is so strong.
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.

"THE COCK IS CROWING,
THE STREAM IS FLOWING,
THE SMALL BIRDS TWITTER,
THE LAKE DOTH GLITTER,
THE GREEN FIELD SLEEPS IN THE SUN."

Written in March (Page 91)

Written in March

But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving—all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he,
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
They are forty feeding like one!
Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon, anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

William Wordsworth.

THE FIRST OF JUNE

The wind to west is steady,
  The weather is sweet and fair;
Laburnum, slender lady,
  Shakes out her yellow hair.

Magnolia, like a stranger,
  Stands stiffly all alone;
I think a word would change her
  Into a flower of stone.

The solid guelder roses
  Are white as dairy cream;
The hyacinths fade, like posies;
  The cloud hangs in a dream.

And dreams of light and shadow
  The sleeping meadow shake,
But the king-cup shines in the meadow,
  A gold eye wide awake.

William Brighty Rands.

ENVY

This rose-tree is not made to bear
The violet blue, nor lily fair,
  Nor the sweet mignonette:
And if this tree were discontent,
Or wished to change its natural bent,
  It all in vain would fret.

Lessons on Cruelty

And should it fret, you would suppose
It ne'er had seen its own red rose,
Nor after gentle shower
Had ever smelled its rose's scent,
Or it could ne'er be discontent
With its own pretty flower.

Like such a blind and senseless tree
As I've imagined this to be,
All envious persons are:
With care and culture all may find
Some pretty flower in their own mind,
Some talent that is rare.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

LESSONS ON CRUELTY

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage;
A dog starved at his master's gate
Predicts the ruin of the state;
A game-cock clipped and armed for fight
Doth the rising sun affright;
A horse misused upon the road
Calls to Heaven for human blood.
Each outcry of the hunted hare
A fibre from the brain doth tear;
A skylark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.
He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men;

He who the ox to wrath has moved
Shall never be by woman loved.
He who shall train the horse to war
Shall never pass the Polar Bar.
The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity;
He who torments the chafer's sprite
Weaves a bower in endless night.
The caterpillar on the leaf
Repeats to thee thy mother's grief;
The wild deer, wandering here and there,
Keep the human soul from care:
The lamb misused breeds public strife,
And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
Kill not the moth nor butterfly,
For the last judgment draweth nigh;
The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them and thou shalt grow fat.

William Blake.

TO THE SMALL CELANDINE

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

To the Small Celandine

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir
Like a great astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met,
I have seen thee, high and low,
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about its nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude;
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers.

But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home;
Spring is coming—thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face
On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Scorn'd and slighted upon earth!
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing,
Singing at my heart's command,
In the lane my thoughts pursuing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love!

William Wordsworth.

EPITAPH ON A HARE

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nurs'd with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance ev'ry night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw;
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Slic'd carrot pleased him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at ev'ning hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But most before approaching show'rs,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut shade
He finds his long last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

William Cowper.

MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

I've Been Roaming

It followed her to school one day,
  It was against the rule,
And made the children laugh and play
  To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
  But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
  Till Mary did appear.

And then he ran to her and laid
  His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,
  You'll shield me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
  The eager children cry.
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
  The teacher did reply.

Old Rhyme.

I'VE BEEN ROAMING

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
  Where the meadow-dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
  With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
  O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
  With its blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
  Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
  With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
  Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
  To my bower back again.

George Darley.

ROBIN'S CROSS

A little cross
To tell my loss;
A little bed
To rest my head;
A little tear is all I crave
Upon my very little grave.
I strew thy bed,
Who loved thy lays,
The tear I shed,
The cross I raise,
With nothing more upon it than—
" Here lies the little friend of man."

George Darley.

"A LITTLE CROSS
TO TELL MY LOSS."

Robin's Cross (Page 100)

EYE-BRIGHT

There is a flower, a tiny flower,
Its hue is white, but close within't
There is a spot of golden tint;
Therein abides a wondrous juice,
That hath, for such as know its use,
A sweet and holy power.

It is the little Euphrasy,
Which you no doubt have often seen
'Mid the tall grass of meadow green;
But never deemed so wee a wight
Endowed with medicinal might
To clear the darken'd eye.

And maybe now it hath no more
The virtue which the kindly fays
Bestowed in fancy's holy days;
Yet still the gold-eyed weedie springs,
To show how pretty little things
Were hallowed long of yore.

Hartley Coleridge.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
  There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
  Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better,
They are only one times one.

O Moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You Moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet Bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave Marsh Marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O Columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O Cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal it away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

Jean Ingelow.

LESSONS TO BE DERIVED FROM BIRDS

"What is that, Mother?"
"The lark, my child!—
The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child! be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise."

"What is that, Mother?"
"The dove, my son!
And that low sweet voice like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love."

"What is that, Mother?"
"The eagle, boy!
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy! may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line."

"What is that, Mother?"
"The swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one, now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home."

G. W. Doane.

THE GENTIANELLA

Pretty stranger in our gardens,
We should beg thee thousand pardons.
Long forgotten, far too long,
Never mentioned yet in song,
Strange it is, that never ditty
Ever told thee thou wert pretty:
Rondo none, nor ritornella,
Praises thee, my Gentianella.
Very well I know thee, why
Thou art not like the cloudless sky,
Nor like the virgin's melting eye.
Poets seek in fields and trees
Quaint conceits and similes;
But thine azure is thine own,—
Nothing like it I have known:
Seems it not of upper earth;—
Surely it must have its birth

The Angel of the Rose

In the darkness far below,
Where the dark-eyed sapphires grow
Lovely votary of the sun,
Never wishing to be won
By a vain and mortal lover,
Shrinking closely into cover
When thy true love hath departed,
Patient, pure and simple-hearted.
Like an exile doomed to roam,
Not in foreign land at home,—
I will call thy azure hue
Brightest, firmest, truest blue.

Hartley Coleridge.

THE ANGEL OF THE ROSE

There is an angel that abides
    Within the budding rose;
That is his home, and there he hides
    His head in calm repose.
The rosebud is his humble home,
    And there he often loves to roam;
And wending through the path of Heaven,
    Empurples all the track of even.

If e'en he sees a maiden meek,
    He hovers nigh, and flings
Upon the modest maiden's cheek
    The shadow of his wings.

Oh, lovely maiden, dost thou know
Why thy cheeks so warmly glow?
'Tis the Angel of the Rose,
That salutes thee as he goes.

Hartley Coleridge.

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do;
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away,
Not I," said the cow, "Moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do."

"Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"
Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

"Not I," said the dog, "Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean anyhow!

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.
Not I," said the dog, " Bow-wow!
I'm not so mean anyhow."

" Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made? "
Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

" Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a few words too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast? "

" Not I," said the sheep, " Oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.
I gave wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine.
Baa! Baa! " said the sheep, " Oh no!
I wouldn't treat a poor bird so."

" Tu-whit! tu-whit! tu-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made? "
Bob-o-link! Bob-o-link!
Now what do you think?

Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?

"Coo-coo! Coo-coo! Coo-coo!
Let me speak a few words too!
Who stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast?"

"Caw! Caw!" cried the crow;
"I too should like to know
What thief took away
A bird's nest to-day?"

"Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen;
"Don't ask me again,
Why, I haven't a chick
Would do such a trick.
We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I'd scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! Cluck!" said the hen,
"Don't ask me again!"

"Chirr-a-whirr! Chirr-a-whirr!
All the birds make a stir!
Let us find out his name,
And all cry 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green;
"I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

The Spider and the Fly

"It is very cruel too,"
Said little Alice Neal;
"I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel?"

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed,
For *he* stole that pretty nest
From poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

Maria L. Child.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,—
"'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I have many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly,
"There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine
and thin,
And if you like to rest a while, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly: "Dear friend, what can I do
To prove the warm affection I've always felt for you?
I have, within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh, no, no," said the little Fly, "kind sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"

"Sweet creature," said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise!
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour-shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say,
And bidding you good-morning now, I'll call another day."

The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again;
So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.
Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,—
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple, there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by:
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,—
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue,

The Pet Lamb

Thinking only of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast;
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again!
And now, dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you, ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor close heart, and ear, and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

Mary Howitt.

THE PET LAMB

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb, with a Maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,
While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.
Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away;
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked, and from that shady place
I, unobserved, could see the working of her face:
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing:

"What aiis thee, Young One? what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee—well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be;
Rest, little Young One, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain-storms, the like thou need'st not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little Young One, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first in places far away;
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none;
And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
A blessed day for thee! then whither would'st thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is, and new.

" Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

" It will not, will not rest!—Poor creature, can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

" Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.

" Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe—our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again! "

—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;
" Nay," said I, " more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

William Wordsworth.

THE SUCCESSION OF FOUR SWEET MONTHS

First, April, she with mellow showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before:
Then (lastly) July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

Robert Herrick.

BIRDS, BEASTS, AND FISHES

The Dog will come when he is called,
The Cat will walk away;
The Monkey's cheek is very bald;
The Goat is fond of play.
The Parrot is a prate-apace,
Yet knows not what he says;
The noble Horse will win the race,
Or draw you in a chaise.

The Pig is not a feeder nice,
The Squirrel loves a nut,
The Wolf would eat you in a trice,
The Buzzard's eyes are shut.

"THEN (LASTLY) JULY COMES, AND SHE
MORE WEALTH BRINGS IN THAN ALL THOSE THREE."

The Succession of Four Sweet Months (Page 116)

Birds, Beasts, and Fishes

The Lark sings high up in the air,
The Linnet in the tree;
The Swan he has a bosom fair,
And who so proud as he?

Oh, yes, the Peacock is more proud,
Because his tail has eyes;
The Lion roars so very loud,
He'd fill you with surprise.
The Raven's coat is shining black,
Or, rather, raven-grey;
The Camel's bunch is on his back,
The Owl abhors the day.

The Sparrow steals the cherry ripe,
The Elephant is wise,
The Blackbird charms you with his pipe,
The false Hyena cries.
The Hen guards well her little chicks,
The Cow—her hoof is slit;
The Beaver builds with mud and sticks,
The Lapwing cries "Peewit."

The little Wren is very small,
The Humming-bird is less;
The Lady-bird is least of all,
And beautiful in dress.
The Pelican she loves her young,
The Stork its parent loves;
The Woodcock's bill is very long,
And innocent are Doves.

The streakèd Tiger's fond of blood,
The Pigeon feeds on peas;
The Duck will gobble in the mud,
The Mice will eat your cheese.
A Lobster's black, when boiled he's red,
The harmless Lamb must bleed,
The Cod-fish has a clumsy head,
The Goose on grass will feed.

The lady in her gown of silk,
The little Worm may thank;
The sick man drinks the Ass's milk,
The Weasel's long and lank.
The Buck gives us a venison dish,
When hunted for the spoil;
The Shark eats up the little fish,
The Whale produces oil.

The Glow-worm shines the darkest night,
With lantern in his tail;
The Turtle is the cit's delight,
And wears a coat of mail.
In Germany they hunt the Boar,
The Bee brings honey home,
The Ant lays up a winter store,
The Bear loves honey-comb.

The Eagle has a crooked beak,
The Plaice has orange spots,
The Starling, if he's taught, will speak;
The Ostrich walks and trots.

Pussy-Cat

The child that does not these things know
Might well be called a dunce;
But I in knowledge quick will grow,
For youth can come but once.

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-Cat lives in the servants' hall,
She can set up her back, and purr;
The little Mice live in a crack in the wall,
But they hardly dare venture to stir;

For whenever they think of taking the air,
Or filling their little maws,
The Pussy-Cat says, "Come out, if you dare;
I will catch you all with my claws."

Scrabble, scrabble, scrabble, went all the little Mice,
For they smelt the Cheshire cheese;
The Pussy-Cat said, "It smells very nice,
Now *do* come out, if you please."

"Squeak," said the little Mouse; "Squeak, squeak, squeak,"
Said all the young ones too;
"We never creep out when cats are about,
Because we're afraid of *you*."

So the cunning old Cat lay down on a mat,
By the fire in the servants' hall;
"If the little Mice peep, they'll think I'm asleep";
So she rolled herself up like a ball.

"Squeak," said the little Mouse, "we'll creep out
And eat some Cheshire cheese,
That silly old Cat is asleep on the mat,
And we may sup at our ease."

Nibble, nibble, nibble, went all the little Mice,
And they licked their little paws;
Then the cunning old Cat sprang up from the mat,
And caught them all with her claws.

Anne Hawkshaw.

THE BUTTERFLY'S BALL

"Come, take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast;
The Trumpeter, Gadfly, has summoned the crew,
And the Revels are now only waiting for you."
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions came forth in a throng,
And on the smooth Grass by the side of a Wood,
Beneath a broad oak that for ages had stood,
Saw the Children of Earth and the Tenants of Air
For an Evening's Amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back.

And there was the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their Relations, green, orange and blue.
And there came the Moth, with his plumage of down,
And the Hornet in jacket of yellow and brown;
Who with him the Wasp, his companion, did bring,
But they promised that evening to lay by their sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his hole,
And brought to the Feast his blind brother, the Mole.
And the Snail, with his horns peeping out of his shell
Came from a great distance, the length of an ell.

A Mushroom their Table, and on it was laid
A water-dock leaf, which a table-cloth made.
The Viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought her honey to crown the Repast.
Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner looked up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleased such diversions to see,
Mounted high overhead and looked down from a tree.

Then out came the Spider, with fingers so fine,
To show his dexterity on the tight-line.
From one branch to another his cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an arrow he darted along.
But just in the middle—oh! shocking to tell,
From his rope, in an instant, poor Harlequin fell.
Yet he touched not the ground, but with talons outspread,
Hung suspended in air, at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his Leg, though but short was his Wing;

He took but three leaps, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirped his own praises the rest of the night.
With step so majestic the Snail did advance;
And promised the Gazers a Minuet to dance;
But they all laughed so loud that he pulled in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.
Then as Evening gave way to the shadows of Night,
Their Watchman, the Glowworm, came out with a light.

"Then home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me."
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions returned in a throng.

W. Roscoe.

THE GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN

The smallest bird that can be found,
If you search all England round,
Everywhere through glade and glen,
Is the golden-crested wren.
Though little, 'tis a brave bird too,
And stays with us the winter through;
Goes picking here, and hopping there,
And never leaves us all the year.
When it freezes, when it snows,
When it thaws, and when it blows,
You still see its little form
Tossed about upon the storm;
Rumpled, crumpled, every feather,
And all backward blown together,

The Golden-crested Wren

While it puffs, and pants, and draws
Together close its little claws.
On some branch or mossy rail,
Turning to the wind its tail.
But if there be a hole at all,
It can get in—it is so small—
And shelter from the piercing cold
Its pretty head and crest of gold.
In spring it builds a little house,
Scarce larger than the harvest mouse;
And in it you'll find children five,
The size of bees and all alive,
And for all these she must find bread,
From morning till 'tis time for bed.
And you will see this little wren,
Works harder far than many men,
Beginning when the dawn doth peep,
Nor ending till 'tis time to sleep.
Without a minute's pause or rest,
She carries food into her nest
Near forty times in every hour.
Through the sunshine and the shower
Food doth she to her young convey,
For sixteen hours through every day,
Without a moment's time to play.
Ever coming, ever going,
Never idle, always doing
This a bit, or that a taste;
Then she's off again in haste,
Across the field and by the mill,
Bringing something for each bill—

Bill wide-gaping every minute,
And she dropping something in it.
Such a hungry family
As a man doth seldom see;
Helpless, and without a feather,
Opening all their mouths together.
As soon as brought the food is gone.
All the five a-gape like one.
She herself can't get a bit,
There is such a "twit, twit, twit."
Though such a family she maintains
Her weight is scarcely ninety grains:
No smaller bird can there be found,
If you search all England round.
I'm sure that every girl or boy
Will usefully their time employ,
And be ashamed to idle when
They've read about this little wren.

T. Miller.

THE POND

There was a round pond, and a pretty pond too,
About it white daisies and violets grew,
And dark weeping willows, that stoop to the ground,
Dipped in their long branches, and shaded it round.

A party of ducks to this pond would repair,
To sport 'mid the green water-weeds that grew there:
Indeed the assembly would frequently meet,
To discuss their affairs in this pleasant retreat.

The Pond

Now the subjects on which they were wont to converse,
I am sorry I cannot exactly rehearse;
For though I've oft listened in hopes of discerning
I own 'tis a matter that baffles my learning.

One day a young chicken that lived thereabout,
Stood watching to see the ducks pop in and out,
Now turning tail upward, now diving below;
She thought, of all things, she should like to do so.

So the poor silly chick was determined to try;
She thought 'twas as easy to swim as to fly!
Though her mother had told her she must not go near,
She foolishly thought there was nothing to fear.

" My feet, wings, and feathers, for aught I can see,
As good as the ducks' are for swimming," said she:
" Though *my* beak is pointed, and *their* beaks are round,
Is that any reason that I should be drowned?

" Why should I not swim then, as well as a duck?
I think I shall venture, and e'en try my luck!
For," said she (spite of all that her mother had taught her),
" I'm really remarkably fond of the water! "

So in this poor ignorant animal flew,
But soon found her dear mother's cautions were true:
She splashed, and she dashed, and she turned herself round,
And heartily wished herself safe on the ground.

But now 'twas too late to begin to repent,
The harder she struggled the deeper she went;

And when every effort she vainly had tried,
She slowly sank down to the bottom and died!

The ducks, I perceived, began loudly to quack,
When they saw the poor fowl floating dead on its back;
And by their grave gestures and looks in discoursing,
Obedience to parents were plainly enforcing.

Jane Taylor.

THE SPIDER AND HIS WIFE

In a dark little crack, half a yard from the ground,
An honest old spider resided;
So pleasant, and snug, and convenient 'twas found,
That his friends came to see it from many miles round:
It seemed for his pleasure provided.

Of the cares, and fatigues, and distresses of life,
This spider was thoroughly tired;
So, leaving those scenes of distraction and strife
(His children all settled), he came with his wife
To live in this cranny retired.

He thought that the little his wife would consume,
'Twould be easy for him to provide her;
Forgetting he lived in a gentleman's room,
Where came, every morning, a maid and a broom,
Those pitiless foes to a spider!

The Spider and His Wife

For when, (as sometimes it would chance to befall)
The moment his web was completed,
Brush!—came the great broom down the side of the wall,
And, perhaps, carried with it web, spider and all,
He thought himself cruelly treated.

One day when their cupboard was empty and dry,
His wife (Mrs. Hairy-leg Spinner)
Said to him, "Dear, go to the cobweb and try
If you can't find the leg or the wing of a fly,
Just a bit of a relish for dinner!"

Directly he went, his long search to resume,
(For nothing he ever denied her),
Alas, little guessing his terrible doom;
Just then came the gentleman into the room,
And saw the unfortunate spider.

So while the poor insect in search of his pelf,
In the cobweb continued to linger,
The gentleman reached a long cane from the shelf,
(For certain good reasons best known to himself,
Preferring his stick to his finger:)

Then presently poking him down to the floor,
Nor stopping at all to consider,
With one horrid crash the whole business was o'er,
The poor little spider was heard of no more,
To the lasting distress of his widow!

Jane Taylor.

EMPLOYMENT

"Who'll come here and play with me under the tree?
My sisters have left me alone:
Ah! sweet little sparrow, come hither to me,
And play with me while they are gone."

"Oh no, little lady, I can't come indeed,
I've no time to idle away;
I've got all my dear little children to feed,
They've had not a morsel to-day."

"Pretty bee, do not buzz in that marigold flower,
But come here and play with me, do;
The sparrow won't come and stay with me an hour,
But say, pretty bee, will not you?"

"Oh no, little lady, for do not you see,
Those must work who would prosper and thrive;
If I play, they will call me a sad idle bee,
And perhaps turn me out of the hive."

"Stop, stop, little ant, do not run off so fast,
Wait with me a little and play;
I hope I shall find a companion at last,
You are not so busy as they."

"Oh no, little lady, I can't stay with you,
We are not made to play, but to labour;
I always have something or other to do,
If not for myself, for my neighbour."

The Little Bird's Complaint to His Mistress

" What then! they all have some employment but me,
Whilst I loiter here like a dunce:
Oh then, like the sparrow, the ant, and the bee,
I'll go to my lesson at once."

Jane Taylor.

THE LITTLE BIRD'S COMPLAINT TO HIS MISTRESS

Here in this wiry prison where I sing
And think of sweet green woods, and long to fly,
Unable once to try my useless wing,
Or wave my feathers in the clear blue sky.

Day after day the selfsame things I see,
The cold white ceiling, and this dreary house;
Ah! how unlike my healthy native tree,
Rocked by the winds that whistled through the boughs.

Mild spring returning strews the ground with flowers,
And hangs sweet may-buds on the hedges gay,
But no kind sunshine cheers my gloomy hours,
Nor kind companion twitters on the spray!

Oh! how I long to stretch my listless wings,
And fly away as far as eye can see!
And from the topmost bough, where Robin sings,
Pour my wild songs, and be as blithe as he.

Why was I taken from the waving nest,
From flowery fields, wide woods, and hedges green;
Torn from my tender mother's downy breast,
In this sad prison-house to die unseen?

Why must I hear, in summer evenings fine,
A thousand happier birds in merry choirs?
And I, poor lonely I, in grief repine,
Caged by these wooden walls and golden wires!

Say not, the tuneful notes I daily pour
Are songs of pleasure, from a heart at ease;—
They are but wailings at my prison door,
Incessant cries, to taste the open breeze!

Kind mistress, come, with gentle, pitying hand,
Unbar that curious grate, and set me free;
Then on the whitethorn bush I'll take my stand,
And sing sweet songs to freedom and to thee.

Ann Taylor.

THE DISCONTENTED ELM-TREE

Within a meadow once there grew
An elm-tree tall and stately,
The birdies sang all summer through
So sweetly and sedately.

The breezes whispered night and day
Their tender little stories,
The dew-drops gave their diamond spray,
The sunlight all its glories.

"OH! HOW I LONG TO STRETCH MY LISTLESS WINGS,
AND FLY AWAY AS FAR AS EYE CAN SEE!"

The Little Bird's Complaint to His Mistress (Page 131)

The Discontented Elm-tree

But yet the silly elm-tree sighed
And thus began to ponder:
"If all the world is fair and wide,
Why, why should I not wander?"

He saw along the meadows dim
The wagons rolling daily,
That once were only elms like him,
But now were painted gaily.

"How grand," he mused, "to fly on wheels
Through sunlight and through shadow!"
It is a waste of life, he feels,
To mope in this old meadow!

And so one morn they laid him low,
And proudly down he tumbled,
He felt the axe's blow on blow,
But never even grumbled.

They cut him up, they let him dry,
They sawed him and they planed him,
He would not groan, he would not sigh,
No matter how it pained him.

His dearest, brightest dream was nigh,
And he would be a wagon!
And like his wheels his hopes would fly,
And never have a drag on!

They painted him all red and blue,
They varnished him and oiled him,
And then, alas! the elm-tree knew,
Too late, that they had spoiled him!

And though he rolls and swings away,
  Through meadow, wood, and dingle,
And carries corn and carries hay,
  And hears the horse-bells jingle,

He'd give his heart, his inmost core,
  With happy resignation,
To be a simple elm once more
  E'en in the humblest station.

And now he's old and worn and gray,
  His colour growing fainter,
They've put him in a shed away,
  Unheeded by the painter.

The spiders crawl by night and day,
  And spin their webs about him,
The world goes on its merry way,
  And does quite well without him.

The bees fly past with busy hum,
  They never cared or knew him,
Only the swallows sometimes come
  And whisper gently to him,

Of flowers and ferns and grass and skies,
  And meadows deep and scented;
And then the poor old wagon cries,
  "Why was I not contented?"

Fred E. Weatherly.

Part Three: STORIES IN VERSE

Part Three: Stories in Verse

PERSEVERANCE

On a bed of sickness lying,
  Wounded, hopeless, ill and faint,
Robert Bruce, great King of Scotland,
  Thus began his sad complaint:

"On the field the battle's chances
  Six times have I tried in vain;
Six times turned, dethroned, defeated,
  To the battle-field again.

"All my valiant men are slaughtered,
  Split and shattered sword and shield,
And I feel I soon my spirit
  To my last foe, Death, must yield.

"Take the crown away, ye foemen;
  Then, O God, my spirit take,
For my hopes are past and shattered,
  And I feel my heart will break."

As the King was thus complaining,
  Praying God to end his days,
He beheld a busy spider
  Swinging in the sun's warm rays.

In the stone-arched window hanging,
With surprising art and strength
Carries she her thread, to fasten
To the wall its slender length.

And he saw the spider's efforts
Every time seemed quite in vain;
Each time that she tried to reach it,
Each time fell she back again.

Six times he beheld her newly
Rise with unabated zeal,
Till, encouraged by her patience,
He began new hope to feel.

"If," thought he, "the spider's efforts
At the seventh time succeed,
I my few remaining soldiers
To the battle-field will lead."

Once more sideways swung the spider,
And this time she gained the day:
Who is true and persevering,
To despair need ne'er give way.

With new courage from his bed sprang
Robert Bruce, the hero brave—
Once more saw his foes with terror
Scotland's banner o'er them wave.

The Babes in the Wood

And with bold determination,
  Kept he still his aim in view—
Like the spider, never halted
  Till his work was finished too;

Till upon the throne in splendour
  Once again he took his place;
Then the spider he remembered
  As the saviour of his race.

And he told his sons the story—
  Told his sons and grandsons too—
How the Bruce's fame and glory
  To the spider's work is due.

From the German.

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
    These words which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
    In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
    In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honour far surmount
    Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
    No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
    And both possessed one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kind;
In love they lived, in love they died,
And left two babes behind.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years old;
The other a girl more young than he,
And framed in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred pounds a year.

And to his little daughter, Jane,
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on her marriage-day,
Which might not be controlled.
But if the children chanced to die
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth:
For so the will did run.

"Now, brother," said the dying man,
"Look to my children dear;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friends else have they here:
To God and you I recommend
My children dear this day;
But little while be sure we have
Within this world to stay.

The Babes in the Wood

"You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knows what will become of them
When I am dead and gone."
With that bespake their mother dear,
"Oh, brother kind," quoth she,
"You are the man must bring our babes
To wealth or misery:

"And if you keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
But if you otherwise should deal,
God will your deeds regard."
With lips as cold as any stone,
They kissed their children small:
"God bless you both, my children dear!"
With that their tears did fall.

These speeches then their brother spake,
To this sick couple there:
"The keeping of your little ones,
Sweet sister, do not fear:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children dear,
When you are laid in grave."

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straight unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a day,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both away.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
He would the children send,
To be brought up in fair London,
With one that was his friend.

Away then went those pretty babes
Rejoicing at that tide,
Rejoicing in a merry mind,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly
As they rode on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decay.

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder's heart relent;
And they that undertook the deed
Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart
Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hired him
Had paid him very large.

The other won't agree thereto,
So here they fall to strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the children's life;
And he that was of mildest mood
Did slay the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
The babes did quake for fear!

He took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him
And look they did not cry.
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complain;
"Stay here," quoth he; "I'll bring you bread
When I come back again."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town:
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night
They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief;
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief;

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

And now the heavy wrath of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearful fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barns were fired, his goods consumed,
His lands were barren made,
His cattle died within the field,
And nothing with him stayed.

And in a voyage to Portugal
Two of his sons did die;
And to conclude, himself was brought
To want and misery:
He pawned and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about;
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this means come out:

The fellow that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judged to die,
Such was God's blessed will;
So did confess the very truth,
As here hath been displayed;
Their uncle having died in gaol,
Where he for debt was laid.

Lucy Gray; or, Solitude

You that executors be made
And overseers eke
Of children that be fatherless
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such-like misery
Your wicked minds requite.

Old Ballad.

LUCY GRAY: OR, SOLITUDE

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do!
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot-band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe;
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time;
She wandered up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

Lucy Gray; or, Solitude

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In Heaven we all shall meet";
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

William Wordsworth.

BISHOP HATTO

The summer and autumn had been so wet
That in winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
They crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay;
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear,
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door;
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

"I' faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire!" quoth he,
"And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn."

Bishop Hatto

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sat down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man;
But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm;
"My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
"Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the tide is strong, and the water deep."

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crossed the Rhine without delay,
And reached his tower and barred with care
All the windows, doors and loopholes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes—
But soon a scream made him arise;
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow from whence the screaming came.

He listened and looked;—it was only the cat;
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sat screaming, mad with fear,
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climbed the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near
The gnawing of their teeth he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and
before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him!

Robert Southey.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

A CHILD'S STORY

I

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a-noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing! "
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap! "
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that? "
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;

Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous).
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V

"Come in!" the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure!
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red,
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in;
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one, "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

VI

He advanced to the council-table:
And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,

That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty-thousand!" was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
  Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
  In his quiet pipe the while;

Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
  Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
  Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the River Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished!
—Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary:
Which was, " At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,

And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, Oh, rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, ' Come, bore me! '
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
" Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles,
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats! "—when suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a, " First, if you please, my thousand
guilders! "

IX

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.

For council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
" Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
" Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty! "

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
" No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor. "D'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII

Once more he stept into the street
  And to his lips again
  Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
  Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds jostling at pitching and hustling.
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is
    scattering
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by,
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say,—

"It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

XIV

Alas, alas, for Hamelin;
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says that Heaven's Gate
  Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was man's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
"And so long after what happened here
  On the Twenty-Second of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great Church Window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day,
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbours lay such stress,

To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land.
But how, or why, they don't understand.

Robert Browning.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;
The nobles fill'd the benches, and the ladies in their pride,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd;
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid, laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips, and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;

The Boy and the Snake

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on, the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and
smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild:
The leap was quick; return was quick; he has regained the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face!
"By Heav'n!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."

Leigh Hunt.

THE BOY AND THE SNAKE

Henry was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took,
And eat it by a purling brook
Which through his mother's orchard ran.
From that time ever when he can
Escape his mother's eye, he there
Takes his food in the open-air.
Finding the child delight to eat
Abroad, and make the grass his seat,
His mother lets him have his way.
With free leave Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine *grey bird*.

This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
Came every day with him to feed,
And it loved him and loved his milk,
And it was smooth and soft like silk.
His mother thought she'd go and see
What sort of bird this same might be.
So the next morn she follows Harry,
And carefully she sees him carry
Through the long grass his heaped-up mess.
What was her terror and distress,
When she saw the infant take
His bread and milk close to a snake!
Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
And sits down by his frightful guest,
Who there had waited for the treat;
And now they both begin to eat.
Fond mother! shriek not, O beware
The least small noise, O have a care—
The least small noise that may be made
The wily snake will be afraid—
If he but hear the slightest sound,
He will inflict the envenomed wound.
She speaks not, moves not, scarce doth breathe,
As she stands the trees beneath;
No sound she utters; and she soon
Sees the child lift up its spoon
And tap the snake upon the head,
Fearless of harm; and then he said,
As speaking to familiar mate,
"Keep on your own side, do, Grey Pate:"

"SHE SPEAKS NOT, MOVES NOT, SCARCE DOTH BREATHE,
AS SHE STANDS THE TREES BENEATH."

The Boy and the Snake (Page 165)

The Boy and the Snake

The snake then to the other side,
As one rebuked, seems to glide;
And now again advancing nigh,
Again she hears the infant cry,
Tapping the snake, "Keep further, do;
Mind, Grey Pate, what I say to you."
The danger's o'er—she sees the boy
(O what a change from fear to joy!)
Rise and bid the snake "Good-bye";
Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I
Will come again to-morrow day:"
Then, lightly tripping, ran away.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

Part Four: ROMANCE AND HEROISM

Part Four: Romance and Heroism

KING HENRY'S ADDRESS BEFORE AGINCOURT

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then will he strip his sleeves and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Henry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups richly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day and the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Shakespeare.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn-buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spoke an old Sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

The Wreck of the Hesperus

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"O Father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say! what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!"—
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say! what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

"O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say! what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
To'ards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The Wreck of the Hesperus

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! Ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on a bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

Longfellow.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

The Battle of Blenheim

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;

But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlboro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

Southey.

BETH-GELERT

The spearsmen heard the bugle sound,
And gaily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert, why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

Beth-Gelert

"Where does my faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase."

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The huntsmen's cheerings rise,
All Snowden's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied;
When near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door
Aghast the Chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with drops of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed,
And on went Gelert too;
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood-drops shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The bloodstained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child; no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

Beth-Gelert

His suppliant look, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
Yet mournfully his dying yell
Sank in Llewellyn's heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh—
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant's cry?

Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed.

Nor wound had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
Tremendous still in death.

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain?—
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain
And saved Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear,
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

W. R. Spencer.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be,
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;

The Inchcape Rock

On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous Rock
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
It made him whistle, it made him sing,
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to
the Rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the seas for many a day;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is he sees no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
"Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Lord Ullin's Daughter

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
He curst himself in his despair;
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
The Devil below was ringing his knell.

Southey.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give ye a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry! "

"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water? "
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover? "—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready;
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word! the bonny bride
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in a scowl of Heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as louder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.—

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

The Loss of the Royal George

And still they rowed amidst the roar
  Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
  His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
  His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
  And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
  Across the stormy water:
"And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
  My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
  Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
  And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.

THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the brave!
  The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
  Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
  Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
  And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

Incident of the French Camp

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

Cowper.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall,"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The Chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And, his Chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

Robert Browning.

THE RED THREAD OF HONOUR

Eleven men of England
A breast-work charged in vain;
Eleven men of England
Lie stripped and gashed and slain,—

Slain, but of foes that guarded
Their rock-built fortress well,
Some twenty had been mastered
When the last soldier fell.

Whilst Napier piloted his wondrous way
Across the sand-waves of the desert sea,
Then flashed at once on each fierce clan
dismay
Lord of their wild Truckee.
These missed the glen to which their
steps were bent,
Mistook a mandate, from afar half
heard,
And, in that glorious error, calmly went
To death without a word.

The robber-chief mused deeply
Above those daring dead:
"Bring here," at length he shouted,
"Bring quick the battle thread.
Let Eblis blast for ever
Their souls, if Allah will;
But we must keep unbroken
The old rules of the Hill.

"Before the Ghuznee tiger
Leaped forth to burn and slay,
Before the holy Prophet
Taught our grim tribes to pray,

Romance and Heroism

Before Secunder's lances
  Pierced through each Indian glen,
The mountain laws of honour
  Were framed for fearless men.

"Still, when a chief dies bravely,
  We bind with green one wrist—
Green for the brave; for heroes
  One crimson thread we twist.
Say ye, O gallant Hillmen,
  For these, whose life has fled,
Which is the fitting colour,
  The green one, or the red?"

"Our brethren, laid in honoured graves, may wear
  Their green reward," each noble savage said;
"To these, whom hawks and hungry wolves shall tear
  Who dares deny the red?"
Thus conquering hate, and steadfast to to the right,
  Fresh from the heart that haughty verdict came;
Beneath a waning moon each spectral height
  Rolled back its loud acclaim.

Once more the chief gazed keenly
  Down on those daring dead;
From his good sword their heart's blood
  Crept to that crimson thread.

Once more he cried: "The judgment,
Good friends, is wise and true,
But though the red be given,
Have we not more to do?

"These were not stirred by anger,
Nor yet by lust made bold;
Renown they thought above them,
Nor did they look for gold.
To them their leader's signal
Was as the voice of God;
Unmoved and uncomplaining,
The path it showed they trod.

"As, without sound or struggle,
The stars unhurrying march,
Where Allah's finger guides them,
Through yonder purple arch,
These Franks, sublimely silent,
Without a quickened breath,
Went, in the strength of duty,
Straight to their goal of death.

"If I were now to ask you
To name our bravest man,
Ye all at once would answer,
They called him Mehrab Khan.
He sleeps among his fathers,
Dear to our native land,
With the bright mark he bled for
Firm round his faithful hand.

"The songs they sing of Rustum
  Fill all the past with light;
If truth be in their music
  He was a noble knight.
But were these heroes living
  And strong for battle still,
Would Mehrab Khan or Rustum
  Have climbed, like these, the hill?"

And they replied: "Though Mehrab
    Khan was brave,
  As chief he chose himself what risks
    to run;
Prince Rustum lied, his forfeit life to
    save,
  Which these had never done!"

"Enough!" he shouted fiercely;
  "Doomed though they be to hell,
Bind fast the crimson trophy
  Round *both* wrists,—bind it well.
Who knows but that great Allah
  May grudge such matchless men,
With none so decked in heaven,
  To the fiends' flaming den."

Then all those gallant robbers
  Shouted a stern "Amen!"
They raised the slaughtered sergeant,
  They raised his mangled ten.

Barbara Frietchie

And when we found their bodies
  Left bleaching in the wind,
Around *both* wrists in glory
  That crimson thread was twined.

Then Napier's knightly heart, touched
    to the core,
  Rang like an echo to that knightly
    deed;
He bade its memory live for evermore,
  That those who run may read.

Sir Francis Hastings Doyle.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde

On that pleasant morn of early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind. The sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

Barbara Frietchie

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well:

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raid no more.

Honour to her! And let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Romance and Heroism

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round the symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lanthorn dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

Ballad for a Boy

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread
o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

Charles Wolfe.

BALLAD FOR A BOY

When George the Third was reigning, a hundred years ago,
He ordered Captain Farmer to chase the foreign foe.
"You're not afraid of shot," said he, "you're not afraid of
wreck,
So cruise about the west of France, in the frigate called *Quebec.*

"Quebec was once a Frenchman's town, but twenty years ago
King George the Second sent a man called General Wolfe, you know,
To clamber up a precipice and look into Quebec,
As you'd look down a hatchway when standing on the deck.

"If Wolfe could beat the Frenchmen then, so you can beat them now.
Before he got inside the town he died, I must allow;
But since the town was won for us it is a lucky name;
And you'll remember Wolfe's good work, and you shall do the same."

Then Farmer said, "I'll try, sir," and Farmer bowed so low
That George could see his pigtail tied in a velvet bow.
George gave him his commission, and that it might be safer,
Signed "King of Britain, King of France," and sealed it with a wafer.

Then proud was Captain Farmer in a frigate of his own,
And grander on his quarter-deck than George upon the throne:
He'd two guns in his cabin, and on the spar-deck ten,
And twenty on the gun-deck, and more than ten-score men.

And as the huntsman scours the brakes with sixteen brace of dogs,
With two and thirty cannon the ship explored the fogs.
From Cape la Hogue to Ushant, from Rochefort to Belleisle,
She hunted game till reef and mud were rubbing on her keel.

The fogs are dried, the frigate's side is bright with melting tar,
The lad up in the foretop sees square white sails afar;

Ballad for a Boy

The east wind drives three square-sailed masts from out the
Breton Bay,
And "Clear for action!" Farmer shouts, and reefers yell
"Hooray!"

The Frenchman's captain had a name I wish I could pronounce;
A Breton gentleman was he, and wholly free from bounce,
One like those famous fellows who died by guillotine
For honour and the fleur-de-lys, and Antoinette the Queen.

The Catholic for Louis, the Protestant for George,
Each captain drew as bright a sword as saintly smiths could forge;
And both were simple seamen, but both could understand
How each was bound to win or die for flag and native land.

The French ship was *La Surveillante*, which means *The Watchful Maid;*
She folded up her head-dress and began to cannonade.
Her hull was clean, and ours was foul; we had to spread more
sail;
On canvas, stays, and topsail yards her bullets came like hail.

Sore smitten were both Captains, and many lads beside,
And still to cut our rigging the foreign gunners tried.
A sail-clad spar came flapping down athwart a blazing gun;
We could not quench the rushing flames, and so the Frenchman
won.

Our quarter-deck was crowded, the waist was all aglow;
Men hung upon the taffrail, half-scorched but loath to go;

Our captain sat where once he stood, and would not quit his chair.
He bade his comrades leap for life, and leave him bleeding there.

The guns were hushed on either side, the Frenchmen lowered boats,
They flung us planks and hen-coops, and everything that floats.
They risked their lives, good fellows! to bring their rivals aid.
'Twas by the conflagration the peace was strangely made.

La Surveillante was like a sieve; the victors had no rest.
They had to dodge the east wind to reach the port of Brest.
And where the waves leaped lower and the riddled ship went slower,
In triumph, yet in funeral guise, came fisher boats to tow her.

They dealt with us as brethren, they mourned for Farmer dead;
And as the wounded captives passed each Breton bowed the head.
Then spoke the French lieutenant, "'Twas the fire that won, not we,
You never struck your flag to us; you'll go to England free."

'Twas the sixth day of October, seventeen hundred seventy-nine,
A year when nations ventured against us to combine,
Quebec was burnt and Farmer slain, by us remembered not;
But thanks be to the French book wherein they're not forgot.

Now you, if you've to fight the French, my youngster, bear in mind
Those seamen of King Louis so chivalrous and kind;
Think of the Breton gentlemen, who took our lads to Brest,
And treat some rescued Breton as a comrade and a guest.

William Cory.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Some one had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wonder'd,
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

Tennyson.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, side by side, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So, Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,

With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and, cried Joris, "Stay,
spur!—
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick
wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his
roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;

And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

Robert Browning.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfrey-arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good-night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom-ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North
Church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,

And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, by the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral, and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a
spark—
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet!
That was all! And yet, through the gloom
and the light
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his
flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft in the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

Paul Revere's Ride

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington;
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,

Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

THE SPARTAN BOY

When I the memory repeat
Of the heroic actions great,
Which, in contempt of pain and death,
Were done by men who drew their breath
In ages past, I find no deed
That can in fortitude exceed
The noble boy, in Sparta bred,
Who in the temple ministered.

Sherwood

By the sacrifice he stands,
The lighted incense in his hands.
Through the smoking censer's lid
Dropped a burning coal, which slid
Into his sleeve, and passèd in
Between the folds e'en to the skin.
Dire was the pain which then he proved;
But not for this his sleeve he moved,
Or would the scorching ember shake
Out from the folds, lest it should make
Any confusion, or excite
Disturbance at the sacred rite.
But close he kept the burning coal,
Till it eat itself a hole
In his flesh. The standers by
Saw no sign and heard no cry,
Of his pangs had no discerning,
Till they smelled the flesh a-burning.
All this he did in noble scorn,
And for he was a Spartan born.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the leaves,

Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! the dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather.

Sherwood

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled
away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the
May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to
crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band
goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Alfred Noyes.

CAPTAIN SWORD

Captain Sword got up one day,
Over the hills to march away,
Over the hills and through the towns;
They heard him coming across the downs,
Stepping in music and thunder sweet,
Which his drums sent before him into the
street,
And lo! 'twas a beautiful sight in the sun;
For first came his foot, all marching like one,
With tranquil faces, and bristling steel,
And the flag full of honour as though it
could feel,
And the officers gentle, the sword that hold
'Gainst the shoulder heavy with trembling
gold,
And the massy tread, that in passing is heard,
Though the drums and the music say never a
word.

And then came his horse, a clustering sound
Of shapely potency forward bound,
Glossy black steeds, and riders tall,
Rank after rank, each looking like all,
'Midst moving repose and a threatening
charm,
With mortal sharpness at each right arm,
And hues that painters and ladies love,
And ever the small flag blush'd above.

"BUT ALL THE NEXT MORNING 'TWAS TEARS AND SIGHS;
FOR THE SOUND OF HIS DRUMS GREW LESS AND LESS."

Captain Sword (Page 218)

Captain Sword

And ever and anon the kettle-drums beat,
Hasty power midst order meet;
And ever and anon the drums and fifes
Came like motion's voice, and life's:
Or into the golden grandeurs fell
Of deeper instruments mingling well,
Burdens of beauty for winds to bear;
And the cymbals kissed in the shining air,
And the trumpets their visible voices rear'd
Each looking forth with its tapestried beard,
Bidding the heavens and earth make way
For Captain Sword and his battle-array.

He, nevertheless, rode indifferent-eyed,
As if pomp were a toy to his manly pride,
Whilst the ladies loved him the more for his
scorn,
And thought him the noblest man ever was
born,
And tears came into the bravest eyes,
And hearts swelled after him double their
size,
And all that was weak, and all that was
strong,
Seemed to think wrong's self in him could
not be wrong;
Such love, though with bosom about to be
gored,
Did sympathy get for brave Captain Sword.
So half that night, as he stopped in the town,
'Twas all one dance going merrily down,

Romance and Heroism

With lights in windows and love in eyes
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;
But all the next morning 'twas tears and sighs;
For the sound of his drums grew less and less,
Walking like carelessness off from distress;
And Captain Sword went whistling gay,
"Over the hills and far away."

Leigh Hunt.

THE OLD NAVY

The captain stood on the carronade: "First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with we.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gain'd the victory!

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we;*
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man to his gun;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory!"

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff;"

The Old Navy

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he;*
" I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gain'd the victory! "

Our captain sent for all of us: " My merry men," said he,
" I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be;
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory! "

Captain Marryat.

Part Five: GOOD BEHAVIOUR

Part Five: Good Behaviour

MEDDLESOME MATTY

One ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed,
Which, like a cloud before the skies,
Hid all her better qualities.

Sometimes she'd lift the tea-pot lid,
To peep at what was in it;
Or tilt the kettle, if you did
But turn your back a minute.
In vain you told her not to touch,
Her trick of meddling grew so much.

Her grandmamma went out one day,
And by mistake she laid
Her spectacles and snuff-box gay
Too near the little maid;
"Ah! well," thought she, "I'll try them on,
As soon as grandmamma is gone."

Forthwith she placed upon her nose
The glasses large and wide;
And looking round, as I suppose,
The snuff-box, too, she spied:

Good Behaviour

"Oh! what a pretty box is that;
I'll open it," said little Matt.

"I know that grandmamma would say,
'Don't meddle with it, dear';
But then, she's far enough away,
And no one else is near:
Besides, what can there be amiss
In opening such a box as this?"

So thumb and finger went to work
To move the stubborn lid,
And presently a mighty jerk
The mighty mischief did;
For all at once, ah! woful case,
The snuff came puffing in her face.

Poor eyes, and nose, and mouth beside,
A dismal sight presented;
In vain, as bitterly she cried,
Her folly she repented.
In vain she ran about for ease;
She could do nothing now but sneeze.

She dashed the spectacles away,
To wipe her tingling eyes,
And as in twenty bits they lay,
Her grandmamma she spies.
"Hey-day! and what's the matter now?"
Says grandmamma, with lifted brow.

The Two Gardens

Matilda, smarting with the pain,
And tingling still, and sore,
Made many a promise to refrain
From meddling evermore.
And 'tis a fact, as I have heard,
She ever since has kept her word.

Ann Taylor.

THE TWO GARDENS

When Harry and Dick had been striving to please,
Their father (to whom it was known)
Made two little gardens, and stacked them with trees,
And gave one to each for his own.

Harry thanked his papa, and with rake, hoe and spade,
Directly began his employ;
And soon such a neat little garden was made,
That he panted with labour and joy.

There was always some bed or some border to mend,
Or something to tie, or to stick;
And Harry rose early his garden to tend,
While sleeping lay indolent Dick.

The tulip, the rose, and the lily so white,
United their beautiful bloom,
And often the honey-bee stopped from his flight
To sip the delicious perfume.

Good Behaviour

A neat row of peas in full blossom was seen,
French beans were beginning to shoot;
And his gooseberries and currants, though yet they were green,
Foretold for him plenty of fruit.

But Richard loved better in bed to repose,
And there, as he curled himself round,
Forgot that no tulip, nor lily, nor rose,
Nor fruit in his garden was found.

Rank weeds and tall nettles disfigured his beds,
Nor cabbage nor lettuce was seen;
The slug and the snail showed their mischievous heads,
And ate every leaf that was green.

Thus Richard the Idle, who shrank from the cold,
Beheld his trees naked and bare:
While Harry the Active was charmed to behold
The fruit of his patience and care.

Ann Taylor.

THE LITTLE COWARD

Why, here's a foolish little man,
Laugh at him, donkey, if you can;
And cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
Come every one of you and laugh.

The Boy Who Knew Nothing

For only think, he runs away
If honest donkey does but bray!
And when the bull begins to bellow,
He's like a crazy little fellow.

Poor brindle cow can hardly pass
Along the hedge, to nip the grass,
Or wag her tail to lash the flies,
But off he runs, and loudly cries!

And when old Tray comes jumping too,
With bow, wow, wow, for how-d'ye-do,
And means it all for civil play,
'Tis sure to make him run away!

But all the while you're thinking, maybe,
"Ah! well, but this must be a baby."
Oh! cat, and dog, and cow, and calf,
I'm not surprised to see you laugh—
He's five years old and almost half.

Ann and Jane Taylor.

THE BOY WHO KNEW NOTHING

A boy there was, so wild and gay,
He minded nothing but his play;
Nor would he give the smallest heed
To learn to write, or learn to read.
Of cyphering he could nothing do,
Nor tell how many were twice two.

Good Behaviour

In short he used no more his head
Than if his brains were made of lead.
One way, indeed, he used it well,
And what that was I now will tell.
Why, on his head and either hand
He took a pride upright to stand.
And because to see him, heels in air
Made children laugh, and blockheads stare,
He thought a mighty feat he'd done,
And called it "making rare good fun."
Besides this, on his hands and pate,
He could move on at a great rate,
And like a wheel go round and round,
Head, hands, and feet, upon the ground.
He also well could climb a tree
Just like a squirrel or chimpanzee:
And had he been of either race,
On neither had he brought disgrace.
But, born as he, of human kind,
And blessed with sense, with speech and mind,
It was a shame to spend his days
Only in learning monkey ways.
In vain it was his parents strove
To make him more his lessons love;
Do what they would he still resisted,
And in his foolish pranks persisted.
Day after day new plans they tried,
Whilst hourly he those plans defied,
And idled on through every day
Till his whole youth was passed away.

The Alarum Bell

His youth was gone, and with it fled
All charms of standing on his head.
Nor could he any longer feel
The joy of turning like a wheel.
Nor could the climbing of a tree
Afford him now the smallest glee.
In short, though grown both old and grey,
Nor able now to skip and play,
He was as silly as a boy,
Without one friend, without one joy;
Despised by all his name who knew,
Unable anything to do
But eat and sleep, and sometimes walk,
Unfit to join in social talk;
For so uncultured was his mind,
No conversation could he find.
In fine, unto the human race
He was a *burden* and *disgrace*.

Anon.

THE ALARUM BELL

"Pray let us have some peace,
Talking you'll never cease;
I ne'er knew one so young
Gifted with such a tongue!

"I really think of late
You love to hear your prate!
But be at once assured
This habit shall be cured."

Good Behaviour

Still Caroline talked away
To her doll, as if in play;
  To chattering no end!
  Until this same kind friend
Thus taught the young girl to obey.

At the top of the house there hung
  A large alarum bell;
When pulled, its tongue loud sung!
  'Twould answer very well
Of thieves, or fire, to give the alarm,
And save the inmates all from harm.

* * * * *

Mamma one morning chose
To see some friends—when soon arose
A clamouring little voice!
For loudly to prattle was Caroline's choice.
And thus the noise
Their peace destroys,
While about the room she flung her toys.

"You love me, little doll, don't *you?*
That I love doll is very true,
  Shall I my dolly dress?
I'll kiss your cheeks, I'll curl your hair;
You are like me so very fair,
  My doll I must caress!

"My dolly has a pretty bed.
Although my dolly is not fed,

The Hoyden

She never grows much thinner,
But in my mind
If she's inclined,
Would not refuse a dinner."

This more than childish nonsense was
Repeated once or twice,
But hark! what dreadful peal is that
Loud sounded in a trice?

The alarum bell is rung,
Which never rang before!
Oh, listen to its brazen tongue
In rapid lengthened roar!

The noisy prattler was struck dumb!
Mamma's fond arms she seeks,
In real terror at the sound.—
Papa thus gravely speaks:—

"This is to cure your naughty ways;
To idle chatter bid farewell,—
When loud and troublesome you get,
I ring the alarum bell."

Adelaide O'Keeffe.

THE HOYDEN

Miss Agnes had two or three dolls, and a box
To hold all their bonnets and tippets and frocks;
In a red leather threadcase that snapp'd when it shut,
She had needles to sew with, and scissors to cut;

Good Behaviour

But Agnes liked better to play with rude boys,
Than work with her needle, or play with her toys.
Young ladies should always appear neat and clean,
Yet Agnes was seldom dressed fit to be seen.
I saw her one morning attempting to throw
A very large stone, when it fell on her toe;
The boys who were present, and saw what was done,
Set up a loud laugh, and they called it fine fun.
But I took her home and the doctor soon came,
And Agnes, I fear, will a long time be lame,
And from morning till night, she laments very much,
That now when she walks, she must lean on a crutch,
And she told her dear father, a thousand times o'er,
That she never will play with rude boys any more.

Elizabeth Turner.

SUSAN AND PATTY

"Oh, Sister Susan! come, pray come,
And see how I have cut my thumb,"
Cried little Patty Green;
"It bleeds, it bleeds, what shall I do?
This knife has cut my finger too;
How naughty I have been!

"My mother only yesterday,
I know, desired me not to play
With knives so sharp and keen;
Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?
My father will be angry too,
I dare not now be seen!"

"I FOUND MY POOR LITTLE DOLL, DEARS,
AS I PLAYED ON THE HEATH ONE DAY."

The Lost Doll (Page 340)

The Sluggard

Miss Susan said, " I tell you what
We both will do, my dearest Pat,
I'll fetch a little salt;
And tie this piece of riband round,
And when we've covered up the wound,
Pray tell mamma the fault.

" I think she'll not be angry much,
If you will promise not to touch
The things she hath forbid."
Miss Patty thought her sister right,
And crept into her mother's sight,
Expecting to be chid.

But when her mother heard her say,
" Dear mother, do forgive me, pray,
I'll not touch knives again,"
She kissed her darling girl, and put
A little plaister on each cut,
Which soon relieved the pain.

Elizabeth Turner.

THE SLUGGARD

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard: I heard him complain,
" You have waked me too soon! I must slumber again! "
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep, and a little more slumber! "
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;

Good Behaviour

And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle grow broader and higher:
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me!
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who have taught me by times to love working and reading!"

Isaac Watts.

THE BAD BOY

Once a little round-eyed lad
Determined to be very bad.

He called his porridge nasty pap,
And threw it all in nurse's lap.

His gentle sister's cheek he hurt,
He smudged his pinny in the dirt.

He found the bellows, and he blew
The pet canary right in two!

The Bad Boy

And when he went to bed at night
He would not say his prayers aright.

This pained a lovely twinkling star
That watched the trouble from afar;

She told her bright-faced friends, and soon
The dreadful rumour reached the moon.

The moon, a gossiping old dame,
Told Father Sun the bad boy's shame.

And then the giant sun began
A very satisfactory plan.

Upon the naughty rebel's face
He would not pour his beamy grace.

He would not stroke the dark-brown strands
With entertaining shiny hands.

The little garden of the boy
Seemed desert, missing heaven's joy.

But all his sister's tulips grew
Magnificent with shine and dew.

Where'er he went he found a shade,
But light was poured upon the maid.

He also lost, by his disgrace,
That indoors sun, his mother's face.

Good Behaviour

His father sent him up to bed
With neither kiss nor pat for head.

And in his sleep he had such foes,
Bad fairies pinched his curling toes—

They bit his ears, they pulled his hairs,
They threw him three times down the stairs

O little boys, who would not miss
A father's and a mother's kiss,

Who would not cause a sister pain,
Who want the sun to shine again,

Who want sweet beams to tend the plot
Where grows the pet forget-me-not,

Who hate a life of streaming eyes,
Be good, be merry, and be wise.

Norman Gale.

Part Six: FUN AND FROLIC

Part Six: Fun and Frolic

THE COMICAL GIRL

There was a child, as I've been told,
Who, when she was young, did not look old.
Another thing, too, some people have said,
At the top of her body there grew a head.
And, what perhaps might make people stare,
Her little bald pate was covered with hair.
Another strange thing that made gossips talk,
Was, that she often attempted to walk.
And then, do you know, she occasioned much fun,
By moving so fast as sometimes to run.
Nay, indeed, I have heard that some people say
She often would smile, and often would play.
And what is a fact, though it seems very odd,
She had a monstrous dislike to the feel of a rod.
This strange little child sometimes hungry would be,
And then was delighted her victuals to see.
Even drink she could swallow, and, though strange
it appears,
Whenever she listened, it was with her ears.
With her eyes she could see, and strange to relate,
Her peepers were placed in the front of her pate.
There, too, was her mouth, and also her nose;
And on her two feet were placed her ten toes.

Her teeth, I've been told, were fixed in her gums;
And, besides having fingers, she also had thumbs.
A droll child she therefore most surely must be,
For, not being blind, she was able to see.
One circumstance more had nigh slipped my mind,
Which is, when not cross, she always was kind.
And, strangest of any that yet I have said,
She every night went to sleep on her bed.
And what may occasion you no small surprise,
When napping, she always shut close up her eyes.

Anon.

TOPSY-TURVY WORLD

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode the master,
And the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy for half-a-crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,—
The world would be Upside-Down!
If any or all of these wonders
Should ever come about,
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-Out!

The Conceited Piggies

Chorus—

Ba-ba, black wool,
  Have you any sheep?
Yes, sir, a pack-ful,
  Creep, mouse, creep!
Four-and-twenty little maids
  Hanging out the pie,
Out jumped the honey-pot,
  Guy-Fawkes, Guy!
Cross-latch, cross-latch,
  Sit and spin the fire,
When the pie was opened,
  The bird was on the brier.

William Brighty Rands.

A jolly old sow once lived in a sty,
  And three little piggies had she,
And she waddled about saying "grumph! grumph!
  grumph!"
  While the little ones said "wee! wee!"
And she waddled about saying "grumph! grumph!
  grumph!"
  While the little ones said "wee! wee!"—

"My dear little piggies," said one of the brats,
  "My dear little brothers," said he,
"Let us all for the future say 'grumph! grumph!
  grumph!'

'Tis so childish to say 'wee! wee!'
Let us all for the future say 'grumph! grumph grumph!'
'Tis so childish to say 'wee! wee!'"

These three little piggies grew shining and lean,
And lean they might very well be,
For somehow they couldn't say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
And they wouldn't once say "wee! wee!"
For somehow they couldn't say "grumph! grumph! grumph"
And they wouldn't once say "wee! wee!"

So after a time these little pigs died,
They all died of fe-lo-de-see,
From trying too hard to say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
When they only could say "wee! wee!"
From trying too hard to say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
When they only could say "wee! wee!"

A moral there is to this little song,
A moral that's easy to see,
Don't try when you're young to say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
When you only can say "wee! wee!"
Don't try when you're young to say "grumph! grumph! grumph!"
When you only can say "wee! wee!"

Old Rhyme.

THE PRECISE GUINEA-PIG

There was a little guinea-pig,
Who being little was not big:
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died;
And I am told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

Old Rhyme.

A LOVING HUSBAND

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
Then I took fourpence home to my wife.

Fun and Frolic

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
Then I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
Then I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

Old Rhyme.

A TRAGIC STORY

There lived a sage in days of yore
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon his curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he "The mystery I've found,—
"I'll turn me round,"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Marvels

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

MARVELS

If all the seas were one sea,
What a *great* sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a *great* tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a *great* axe that would be!
And if all the men were one man,
What a *great* man that would be!
And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
And cut down the *great* tree
And let it fall into the *great* sea,
What a splish-splash *that* would be!

Old Rhyme.

THE THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

There were three jovial Welshmen,
  As I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
  Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a ship a-sailing,
  A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
  The other he said nay;
The third said it was a house,
  With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
  A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
  The other he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese
  And half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
  And that they left behind.

The Little Doll's House in Arcady

The first said it was a hedgehog,
  The second he said nay;
The third, it was a pin-cushion,
  And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field,
  And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
  The second he said nay;
The third said it was a calf,
  And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
  And nothing could they find
But an owl in a holly tree,
  And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
  The other he said nay;
The third said 'twas an old man
  Whose beard was growing grey.

Old Song.

THE LITTLE DOLL'S HOUSE IN ARCADY

The boys and girls were exceeding gay,
With billycock bonnets and curds and whey,
And I thought that I was in Arcady,
For the fringe of the forest was fair to see.

But the very first hayrick that I came to
Did turn to a doll's-house, fair and true;
I saw with my eyes where the same did sit,
And there was a rainbow over it.

The people inside were setting the platters,
And chairs and tables, and suchlike matters,
And making the beds and getting the tea:
But through a bow-window I saw the sea.

Up came a damsel: "Sir," she said,
"Will you walk with me by my garden bed?
Will you sit in my parlour by and by?"
"I will sit in your parlour, my dear," said I.

"Will you hear my starling gossip?" said she,
And now I felt sure it was Arcady;
But a starling never could do the rhyming
That very soon in my ears was chiming:—

"Jigglum-jogglum, Lilliputlandum,
Twopenny tiptop, sugaricandum.
Snip-snap snorum, hot cross buns,
Congujatorum, double-dunce.

"Fannyfold funnyface, fairy-tale,
Cat in a cockle-boat, wigglum-whale,
Dickory-dolphin, humpty-hoo,
Floppety-fluteykin, tootle-tum-too."

The Little Doll's House in Arcady

Said I, "There may be a clown outside,
And a clown I never could yet abide,—
A picker and stealer, a clumsy-joker,
Who stirs up his friends with a burning poker.

"But, perhaps," said I, "I mistake the plan;
It may be the Punch-and-Judy man,
Or the other that keeps the galanty show
And the marionettes, for what I know."

Then I opened the window through thick and thin,
And in with a bounce came Harlequin.
And very distinctly I heard a band
Strike up the dances of Lilliput Land.

To wonder at this I did incline,
"And where," said I, "is the Columbine—
Tiptoe twist-about, shimmer and shine,
Where is the beautiful Columbine?"

Then out from the curtains, all shimmer and shine,
With a rose-red sash came Columbine,
And Harlequin took her by the hand,
And they stepped it out in Lilliput Land;
Twirl about, whirl about, shimmer and shine,
Oh, a rose-red sash had Columbine!

Then one of the folks who had set the tea
In Doll's-House fashion, did climb my knee,
And he said, "Would you like, sir, to take a trip
With me? Have you seen my little ship?"

The ship, as he called it, was certainly small,
For the dot of a sailor could carry it all:
So both got in, and away went we,
Coasting the sea-board of Arcady.

Then I told a story, and he told one,
But they both got mixed before they were done;
And so did we, as the day grew dim,
And the child was myself, and myself was him.

But now it was getting time to land,
So I stepped into Fleet Street, and went up the Strand,
For I thought I should like to study the trade
They drive in toys at the Lowther Arcade.

And whom should I see, at a Doll's-House door,
But the very same damsel I met before!
"I thought I should see you again," says she;
"And a few of my friends will be here to tea."

Then the Punch-and-Judy man came in,
And Columbine and the Harlequin,
And the man that patters in front of the show,
And the children—and how their tongues did go!

"But what makes the place so sweet?" thought I,
As scents of the heather and furze went by,
And with them a whiff of the rolling sea;—
And then I remembered Arcady,
As the party were tittering over the tea.

William Brighty Rands.

"SO IT SWEPT WITH A BUSTLE RIGHT THROUGH A GREAT TOWN,
CRACKING THE SIGNS AND SCATTERING DOWN
SHUTTERS; AND WHISKING WITH MERCILESS SQUALLS
OLD WOMEN'S BONNETS AND GINGERBREAD STALLS."

The Wind in a Frolic (Page 259)

THE WIND IN A FROLIC

The wind one morning sprang up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a frolic! Now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place."
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Cracking the signs and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking with merciless squalls
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls.
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges trundled about;
And the urchins that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch ran off each with a prize.

Then away to the field it went, blustering and humming,
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by the tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows;
Till, offended at such an unusual salute,
They all turned their backs, and stood sulky and mute.

So on it went capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks,
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveller grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags;

'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, or the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow! "
And it made them bow without more ado,
Or it cracked their great branches through and through.

Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm;
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm;
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps;
The turkeys they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd;
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had swept on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain;
For it tossed him and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool and his shoes in the mud.

Then away went the wind in its holiday glee,
And now it was far on the billowy sea,
And the lordly ships felt its staggering blow,
And the little boats darted to and fro.

The Lobster and the Maid

But lo! it was night, and it sank to rest
On the sea-birds' rock in the gleaming west,
Laughing to think, in its fearful fun,
How little of mischief it had done.

William Howitt.

UNLESS

"I wish, I wish I were a fish,"
  Said Bobbie to his sister,
As in his net he chanced to get
  A little speckled twister.
"Precisely so," the fish replied,
  As he kept twisting faster,
"Unless you find in your inside
  A hook, my little master!"

"I wish, I wish I were a fish,
  With all my dear relations;
No need to go to school, you know,
  And never do dictations.
And never have to wash or dress,
  And never to be beaten!"
"Quite so," the fish remarked, "unless
  You happen to be eaten!"

Fred E. Weatherly.

THE LOBSTER AND THE MAID

He was a gentle lobster
(The boats had just come in)—

He did not love the fishermen,
He could not stand their din;
And so he quietly stole off,
As if it were no sin.

She was a little maiden,
He met her on the sand,
"And how d'you do?" the lobster said;
"Why don't you give your hand?"
For why she edged away from him
He *could* not understand.

"Excuse me, sir," the maiden said,
"Excuse me, if you please,"
And put her hands behind her back,
And doubled up her knees;
"I always thought that lobsters were
A little apt to squeeze."

"Your ignorance," the lobster said,
"Is natural, I fear;
Such scandal is a shame," he sobbed,
"It is not true, my dear!"
And with his pocket handkerchief
He wiped away a tear.

So out she put her little hand,
As though she feared him not,
When some one grabbed him suddenly,
And put him in a pot,
With water which, I think, he found
Uncomfortably hot.

Clean Clara

It may have been the water made
The blood flow to his head,
It may have been that dreadful fib
Lay on his soul like lead:
This much is true—he went in grey
And came out very red.

Fred E. Weatherly.

CLEAN CLARA

What! not know our Clean Clara?
Why, the hot folks in Sahara,
And the cold Esquimaux,
Our little Clara know!
Clean Clara, the poet sings,
Cleaned a hundred thousand things!

She cleaned the keys of the harpsichord,
She cleaned the hilt of the family sword,
She cleaned my lady, she cleaned my lord;
All the pictures in their frames,
Knights with daggers, and stomachered dames—
Cecils, Godfreys, Montforts, Græmes,
Winifreds—all those nice old names!

She cleaned the works of the eight-day clock,
She cleaned the spring of a secret lock;
She cleaned the mirror, she cleaned the cupboard;
All the books she India-rubbered!

She cleaned the Dutch-tiles in the place,
She cleaned some very old-fashioned lace;
The Countess of Miniver came to her,
"Pray, my dear, will you clean my fur?"
All her cleanings are admirable;
To count your teeth you will be able,
If you look in the walnut-table!

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;
She cleaned the tapestry, which was ampler;
She cleaned the drops of the chandeliers,
Madam in mittens was moved to tears!

She cleaned the cage of the cockatoo,
The oldest bird that ever grew;
I should say a thousand years would do—
I'm sure he looked it, but nobody knew;
She cleaned the china, she cleaned the delf,
She cleaned the baby, she cleaned herself!

To-morrow morning she means to try
To clean the cobwebs from the sky;
Some people say the girl will rue it,
But my belief is she will do it.

So I've made up my mind to be there to see,
There's a beautiful place in the walnut-tree,
The bough is as firm as the solid rock;
She brings out her broom at six o'clock.

William Brighty Rands.

The Dream of a Girl Who Lived at Seven-oaks

THE DREAM OF A BOY WHO LIVED AT NINE-ELMS

Nine grenadiers, with bayonets in their guns;
Nine bakers' baskets, with hot-cross buns;
Nine brown elephants, standing in a row;
Nine new velocipedes, good ones to go;
Nine knickerbocker suits, with buttons all complete;
Nine pairs of skates with straps for the feet;
Nine clever conjurers eating hot coals;
Nine sturdy mountaineers leaping on their poles;
Nine little drummer-boys beating on their drums;
Nine fat aldermen sitting on their thumbs;
Nine new knockers to our front door;
Nine new neighbours that I never saw before;
Nine times running I dreamt it all plain;
With bread and cheese for supper I could
dream it all again.

William Brighty Rands.

THE DREAM OF A GIRL WHO LIVED AT SEVEN-OAKS

Seven sweet singing birds up in a tree;
Seven swift sailing-ships white upon the sea;
Seven bright weather-cocks shining in the sun;
Seven slim race-horses ready for a run;
Seven gold butterflies, flitting overhead;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden bed;
Seven white lilies, with honey bees inside them;
Seven round rainbows with clouds to divide them;

Seven pretty little girls with sugar on their lips;
Seven witty little boys, whom everybody tips;
Seven nice fathers, to call little maids joys;
Seven nice mothers, to kiss the little boys;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all plain;
With bread and jam for supper I could dream
it all again.

William Brighty Rands.

THE OWL-CRITIC

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in
the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all
reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt
question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the
neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck
'tis!

The Owl-Critic

I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections,
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over
town! "
And the barber kept on shaving.

" I've *studied* owls
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
"An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!

I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed *him* don't half know his
business! "
And the barber kept on shaving.

" Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown! "
And the barber kept on shaving.

" With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

To Henrietta, on Her Departure for Calais

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding
critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance
analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
" Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-
day! "

And the barber kept on shaving.

James T. Fields.

TO HENRIETTA, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS

When little people go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They will not just be treated as they used to be at home;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France.

Of course you will be Frenchified; and first, it's my belief,
They'll dress you in their foreign style as à la mode as beef,
With a little row of bee-hives, as a border to your frock,
And a pair of frilly trousers, like a little bantam cock.

But first they'll seize your bundle (if you have one) in a
crack,
And tie it, with a tape, by way of bustle on your back;

And make your waist so high or low, your shape will be a riddle,
For anyhow you'll never have your middle in the middle.

Your little English sandals for a while will hold together,
But woe betide you when the stones have worn away the leather;
For they'll poke your little pettitoes (and there will be a hobble!)
In such a pair of shoes as none but carpenters can cobble!

You'll have to learn a *chou* is quite another sort of thing
To that you put your foot in; that a *belle* is not to ring;
That a *corne* is not the knubble that brings trouble to your toes,
Nor *peut-être* a potato, as some Irish folks suppose.

But pray, at meals, remember this, the French are so polite,
No matter what you eat and drink, " whatever is, is right "!
So when you're told at dinner-time that some delicious stew
Is cat instead of rabbit, you must answer, " *Tant mi-eux* "!

Hood.

LINCOLN LANE

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

There was a frog lived in a well,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
And a merry mouse lived in a mill,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

Lincoln Lane

This frog would a wooing go,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
But couldn't walk for the corn on his toe,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

So he mounted and away did ride,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
With a sword and pistol by his side,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

He rode till he came to Miss Mouse's hall,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
And then he did both knock and call,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

"Pray, Miss Mouse, are you within?"
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
"Oh, yes, kind sir, and going to spin,"
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

"Pray, Miss Mouse, will you marriage make,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
With a young frog that's tall and straight?"
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

"My uncle rat went out this morn,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
And I won't consent till his return,"
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

Her uncle rat he did come home,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.

Saying, " Who's been here since I've been gone? "
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

" There's been a noble, tall, straight man,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
Who vows he'll marry me if he can,"
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

" We'll have the wedding in the mill; "
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
" Oh, yes, kind uncle, so we will,"
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

Now while they all at dinner sat,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
In came the kitten and the cat,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

The cat seized uncle rat by the crown,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
The kitten pulled the poor wife down,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

The frog he did run up the wall,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
And said, " O dear! They'll kill us all,"
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

The frog he did run up the brook,
Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
And there he met with a hungry duck,
Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

The Mock Turtle's Song

The duck, he swallowed him down his throat,
  Fa la, Lincoln Lane.
Saying, " There's an end of these fine folk,"
  Faddy O, fa, Lincoln Lane.

Anon.

THE MOCK TURTLE'S SONG

" Will you walk a little faster? " said a whiting to a snail,
" There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?

" You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea! "
But the snail replied, " Too far, too far! " and gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

" What matters it how far we go? " his scaly friend replied,
" There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance? "

Lewis Carroll.

FATHER WILLIAM

" You are old, Father William," the young man said,
" And your hair has become very white;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think, at your age, it is right? "

" In my youth," Father William replied to his son,
" I feared it might injure the brain;
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
Why, I do it again and again."

" You are old," said the youth, " as I mentioned before,
And have grown most uncommonly fat;
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that? "

" In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,
" I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple? "

"AT THE TIME OF THE DESSERT SHE
COMES AND DROPS HER LAST NEW CURTSEY;
GRACEFUL CURTSEY, PRACTISED O'ER
IN THE NURSERY BEFORE."

The Dessert (Page 348)

The Diverting History of John Gilpin

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are
too weak
For anything tougher than suet;
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,
And argued each case with my wife;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly
suppose
That your eye was as steady as ever;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs!"

Lewis Carroll.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he,
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied: "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

The Diverting History of John Gilpin

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty, screaming, came down stairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now, Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat.

So " Fair and softly," John he cried,
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down as needs he must,
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, " Well done! "
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! He rides a race!
  'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shatter'd at a blow.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight
  With leathern girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle-necks
  Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
  Those gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay;

And there he threw the Wash about
  On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
  Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
  From the balcony espied
Her tender husband, wondering much
  To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!"
  They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired;"
  Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So, like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind;
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John: "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So, turning to his horse, he said:
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig!
He lost them sooner than the first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that pass'd that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the King!
And Gilpin, long live he!
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

William Cowper.

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

Good people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog

This dog and man at first were friends;
  But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
  Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
  The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost its wits,
  To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
  To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
  They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
  That showed the rogues they lied!
The man recovered of the bite,
  The dog it was that died.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Part Seven: BEDTIME

Part Seven: Bedtime

BEDTIME

Come, children, put away your toys;
  Roll up that kite's long line;
The day is done for girls and boys—
  Look, it is almost nine!
Come, weary foot, and sleepy head,
Get up, and come along to bed.

The children, loath, must yet obey;
  Up the long stair they creep;
Lie down, and something sing or say
  Until they fall asleep,
To steal through caverns of the night
Into the morning's golden light.

We elder ones sit up more late,
  And tasks unfinished ply,
But, gently busy, watch and wait—
  Dear sister, you and I,
To hear the Father, with soft tread
Coming to carry us to bed.

George MacDonald.

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches his sheep;
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down comes a little dream on thee:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
And the gentle moon is the shepherdess:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep;
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die:
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Anon.

BABY SONG

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

"BUT I, WHEN I AM STRONGER AND CAN CHOOSE WHAT I'M TO DO,
O LEERIE, I'LL GO ROUND AT NIGHT AND LIGHT THE LAMPS WITH YOU!"

The Lamp-Lighter (Page 356)

,,

Lullaby of an Infant Chief

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

Tennyson.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O, fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman drew near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

Sir Walter Scott.

WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old man asked the three;—
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea.
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

The old man laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea,
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
Never afeared are we."
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.

The Baby

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
  As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd
    dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea,—
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
      Wynken,
      Blynken
      And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
  And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,
  Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
  Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things,
  As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
      Wynken,
      Blynken
      And Nod.

Eugene Field.

THE BABY

Safe, sleeping on its mother's breast,
  The smiling babe appears;
Now, sweetly sinking into rest,
  Now, washed in sudden tears.

Bedtime

Hush, hush, my little baby dear,
There's nobody to hurt you here.

Without a mother's tender care,
  The little thing must die;
Its chubby hands so soft and fair
  No service can supply;
And not a tittle can it tell
Of all the things we know so well.

The lamb sports gaily on the grass
  When scarcely born a day;
The foal beside its mother ass
  Trots frolicsome away;
And not a creature, tame or wild,
Is half so helpless as a child.

To nurse the dolly gaily drest,
  And stroke its flaxen hair,
Or ring a coral at its waist,
  With silver bells so fair,
Is all the little creature can,
That is some day to be a man.

Full many a summer's sun must glow,
  And lighten up the skies,
Before its tender limbs can grow
  To anything of size;
And all that time the mother's eye
Must every little want supply.

Wee Willie Winkie

Then surely, when each little limb
  Shall grow to healthy size,
And youth and manhood strengthen him
  For toil and enterprise,
His mother's kindness is a debt
He never, never will forget.

Ann Taylor.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie
  Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
  In his night-gown,
Tirling at the window,
  Crying at the lock:
"Are the babies in their bed,
  For it's now ten o'clock?"

Hey, Willie Winkie,
  Are you coming in?
The cat's purring soberly
  To the sleeping hen;
The dog's sprawling on the floor
  And doesn't make a "cheep";
But here's a wakeful baby
  That will not fall asleep.

Anything but sleep, you rogue!
  Staring like the moon,
Rattling in an iron jug
  With an iron spoon.

Bedtime

Rumbling, tumbling, round about,
  Crowing like a cock,
Screaming like I know not what,
  Waking sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie—
  The rogue's in a coil,
Sliding off his mother's knee
  Like a very eel,
Tugging at the cat's ear
  As she drowsy hums—
Hey, Willie Winkie!
  See, there he comes.

W. Miller.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
  Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
  Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
  Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  Father will come to thee soon;

The Star

Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tennyson.

THE STAR

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark!
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,

Bedtime

Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Ann and Jane Taylor.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear Work! Good Night! Good
Night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed:
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! Good Night! Good
Night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! Good Night! Good Night!"

She did not say to the Sun "Good Night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
She knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;

Escape at Bedtime

And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good Morning! Good Morning! our work
is begun!"

Lord Houghton.

ESCAPE AT BEDTIME

The lights from the parlour and kitchen shone out
Through the blinds and the windows and bars;
And high overhead and all moving about,
There were thousands of millions of stars.
There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,
Nor of people in Church or the Park,
As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,
And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,
And the star of the sailor, and Mars,
These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall,
Would be half full of water and stars.
They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,
And they soon had me packed into bed;
But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,
And the stars going round in my head.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

WINDY NIGHTS

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
  Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
  A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
  Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
  And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
  By at the gallop, goes he;
By at the gallop he goes, and then,
  By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD

Lips, lips, open!
Up comes a little bird that lives inside—
Up comes a little bird, and peeps, and out he flies.

All the day he sits inside, and sometimes he sings,
Up he comes, and out he goes at night to spread his wings.

Little bird, little bird, whither will you go?
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

The Rock-a-by Lady

Little bird, little bird, whither do you flee?
Far away around the world, while nobody can see.

Little bird, little bird, how long will you roam?
All round the world and around again home;

Round the round world, and back through the air,
When the morning comes, the little bird is there.

Back comes the little bird and looks and in he flies,
Up wakes the little boy, and opens both his eyes.

Sleep, sleep, little boy, little bird's away,
Little bird will come again, by the peep of day;

Sleep, little boy, the little bird must go
Round about the world, while nobody can know.

Sleep, sleep sound, little bird goes round,
Round and round he goes; sleep, sleep sound.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street
    Comes stealing; comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet—
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
    When she findeth you sleeping!

Bedtime

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth!

And dollies peep out of those wee little dreams
With laughter and singing;
And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peek-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up, where the Mother Moon beams,
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all these dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-By Lady from Hushaby Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing; comes creeping.

Eugene Field.

Part Eight: FOR SUNDAYS AND QUIET DAYS

Part Eight: For Sundays and Quiet Days

GRACE FOR A CHILD

Here a little child I stand
  Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks [1] though they be,
  Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
  On our meat and on us all.

Amen.

Robert Herrick.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:

[1] Toads.

He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb,
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake.

THE SABBATH

Put the spade and wheel away,
Do no weary work to-day.
Let the way-worn horse go free,
And the field uncultured be.
Leave the flail beside the corn,
All must rest on Sunday morn.
For the Lord, who died to save,
Rose to-day from Joseph's grave;
And with rest and holy mirth
We will keep His feast on earth.
Hark! I hear the sweet church-bells,
And their quiet music tells
How to keep Christ's holy-day
In the happiest, fittest way;
How His children here may meet
All in sacred service sweet,
And in presence of their Lord
Sing His praise and hear His word.

To-day

With our fathers and our mothers,
With our sisters and our brothers,
To the Holy Church we go,
The dear Church of high and low,
Where the poor man meanly drest
Is as welcome as the rest,
And the rich and poor may gather,
Kneeling to our common Father.
Yes, our risen Lord is there,
Listening kindly to our prayer.
Thus, with joyous rest and praise,
His own children keep His days.

Anon.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
  This new day is born;
Into eternity
  At night doth return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did:
So soon it for ever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Thomas Carlyle.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.—
See the lily on the bed,
Hanging down its modest head;
While it scarcely can be seen,
Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well
For its sweet and pleasant smell,
And would rather call it ours,
Than a many gayer flowers.
Pretty lilies seem to be
Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
From a little flower to learn.—
Let your temper be as sweet
As the lily at your feet:
Be as gentle, be as mild;
Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize:
Like a summer flower it dies.

"BUT, CHILDREN, YOU SHOULD NEVER LET
SUCH ANGRY PASSIONS RISE."

Against Quarrelling and Fighting (Page 317)

Against Quarrelling and Fighting

But humility will last,
Fair and sweet, when beauty's past.
And the Saviour from above
Views a humble child with love.

Ann and Jane Taylor.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
  For God hath made them so:
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
  For 'tis their nature, too.

But, children, you should never let
  Such angry passions rise:
Your little hands were never made
  To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
  And all your words be mild:
Live like the blessèd Virgin's Son,
  That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
  And as His stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
  And God, His Father, too.

Now, Lord of all, He reigns above;
  And from His heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
  And marks them for His own.

Isaac Watts.

A CHRISTMAS GUEST

Supposing we were sitting
One freezing Christmas night,
Close round the shining fire,
And the lamp was burning bright;

With mother in the middle,
And baby on her knee,
And all of us as merry,
And as happy as could be.

Suppose we heard a knocking
Of someone at the gate,
Who asked that he might enter,
Although it was so late.

Some beggar might be begging
Because the night was cold,
And want, and fear, and hunger
Might make him very bold.

And we would say, "Oh, mother,
The beggar must not stay,
It is so nice and cosy,
And this is Christmas Day."

Supposing mother hushed us,
Put baby on the floor,
And went along the passage
And opened wide the door.

And on the threshold standing,
In garments white and thin,
Supposing there was really
The Christ-Child looking in!

Just think how we should wonder
His radiant eyes to meet,
And pray of Him to enter,
And warm His shining feet.

And He would say to mother,
"You loved my poor, you see;
And what you did to others
Was always done to me!"

It makes you very gentle
In speaking to the poor,
To think some day the Christ-Child
May stand outside your door.

It makes you very anxious
To give the poor your best,
To think some day the Christ-Child
May be your Christmas Guest!

G. Robertson-Glasgow.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels should never come.

For Sundays and Quiet Days

Birds in their little nests agree;
  And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one family
  Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
  That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
  To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
  To rage against another:
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
  Till he had killed his brother.

The wise will let their anger cool,
  At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
  It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
  Our little brawls remove,
That, as we grow to riper age,
  Our hearts may all be love!

Isaac Watts.

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD

A PRESENT BY A CHILD

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
  Unto thy little Saviour;

The Better Land

And tell Him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known,
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His bib or stomacher.
And tell Him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of clean strait oaten reed,
To charm His cries at time of need.
Tell Him, for coral, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, He should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of His;
Then never take a second on,
To spoil the first impression.

Robert Herrick.

THE BETTER LAND

"I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle
boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?

Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things? "
"Not there, not there, my child! "

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land? "
"Not there, not there, my child! "

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child! "

Felicia Dorothea Hemans.

THE RULER

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

A captain forth to battle went,
With soldiers brave and trim;
The captain by the king was sent,
To take a town for him:

The Ruler

The people lived in quiet there,
  And little thought of foes,
But, on a sudden, everywhere,
  A cry of death arose!

Up to the walls the soldiers sprang,
  Against the gates they flew;
The place with shrieks of murder rang,
  As they were breaking through:
Mothers and children as they fled,
  In vain for pity cried;
Houses were burning overhead,
  And streets with blood were dyed.

But so the captain took the town,
  And gave it to the king;
And folks went saying, up and down,
  'Twas such a clever thing!
I wonder in the dying days
  Of those two bloody men,
Whether they cared about the praise,
  Or liked to own it then!

A little child I chanced to meet,
  Once, in a cottage bred,
Taught by his mother to repeat
  What Solomon had said,
That he who ruleth well his heart,
  And keeps his temper down,
Is greater,—acts a wiser part
  Than he who takes a town.

Dear child,—he felt his selfish will,
His pride and anger rise,
But conscience whispered, "Peace! be still,
Subdue them, and be wise;"
"I will," replied the little one,
"O Lord, my helper be,
And let Thy holy will be done,
From day to day, in me."

From day to day, from year to year,
He kept the watchful strife,
Till passion seemed to disappear
From that young Christian's life:
In love he passed his pleasant days,
And, dying, won—a crown!—
The crown of life!—O better praise
Than theirs who took the town!

Jane Taylor.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

I Saw Three Ships

Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Our Saviour Christ and His Lady,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day,
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing
On Christmas day in the morning.

Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day, on Christmas day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Old Carol.

HERE WE COME A-WHISTLING

Here we come a-whistling through the fields so green;
Here we come a-singing, so fair to be seen.
God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin,
I have a little pocket to put a penny in.
God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

Bring out your little table and spread it with a cloth,
Bring out some of your old ale, likewise your Christmas loaf.
God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

God bless the master of this house, likewise the mistress too;
And all the little children that round the table strew.
God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

Old Carol.

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY

The holly and the ivy
  Now are both well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
  The holly bears the crown.
    The rising of the sun,
      The running of the deer,
    The playing of the merry organ,
      Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a blossom
  As white as lily flower;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
  To be our sweet Saviour.
    The rising of the sun,
      The running of the deer,
    The playing of the merry organ,
      Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a berry
  As red as any blood;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
  To do poor sinners good.
    The rising of the sun,
      The running of the deer,
    The playing of the merry organ,
      Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a prickle
  As sharp as any thorn;

And Mary bore sweet Jesus
  On Christmas day in the morn.
    The rising of the sun,
      The running of the deer,
    The playing of the merry organ,
      Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly bears a bark
  As bitter as any gall;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
  For to redeem us all.
    The rising of the sun,
      The running of the deer,
    The playing of the merry organ,
      Sweet singing in the choir.

The holly and the ivy
  Now are both well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
  The holly bears the crown.
    The rising of the sun,
      The running of the deer,
    The playing of the merry organ,
      Sweet singing in the choir.

Old Carol.

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
  Let nothing you dismay,

God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen

For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray.
O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

In Bethlehem in Jewry
This blessèd babe was born,
And laid within a manger
Upon this blessèd morn;
The which His Mother Mary
Nothing did take in scorn.
O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

From God our heavenly Father
A blessèd angel came,
And unto certain shepherds
Brought tidings of the same,
How that in Bethlehem was born
The Son of God by name.
O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

"Fear not," then said the Angel,
"Let nothing you affright;
This day is born a Saviour
Of virtue, power, and might;
So frequently to vanquish all
The friends of Satan quite."

O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

The Shepherds at those tidings
Rejoicèd much in mind,
And left their flocks a-feeding
In tempest, storm, and wind,
And went to Bethlehem straightway,
This blessèd Babe to find.
O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

But when to Bethlehem they came,
Whereat this Infant lay,
They found him in a manger
Where oxen feed on hay;
His Mother Mary kneeling
Unto the Lord did pray.
O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,
And with true love and brotherhood
Each other now embrace;
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

Old Carol.

AUNT MARY

A CHRISTMAS CHANT

Now, of all the trees by the king's highway,
Which do you love the best?
O! the one that is green upon Christmas Day,
The bush with the bleeding breast.
Now the holly with her drops of blood for me:
For that is our dear Aunt Mary's tree.

Its leaves are sweet with our Saviour's Name,
'Tis a plant that loves the poor:
Summer and winter it shines the same
Beside the cottage door.
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me:
For that is our kind Aunt Mary's tree.

'Tis a bush that the birds will never leave:
They sing in it all day long;
But sweetest of all upon Christmas Eve
Is to hear the robin's song.
'Tis the merriest sound upon earth and sea:
For it comes from our own Aunt Mary's tree.

So, of all that grows by the king's highway,
I love that tree the best;
'Tis a bower for the birds upon Christmas Day,
The bush of the bleeding breast.
O! the holly with her drops of blood for me:
For that is our sweet Aunt Mary's tree.

R. S. Hawker.

APPROACHES

When thou turn'st away from ill,
Christ is this side of thy hill.

When thou turnest toward good,
Christ is walking in thy wood.

When thy heart says, " Father, pardon! "
Then the Lord is in thy garden.

When stern Duty wakes to watch,
Then His hand is on the latch.

But when Hope thy song doth rouse,
Then the Lord is in the House.

When to love is all thy wit,
Christ doth at thy table sit.

When God's will is thy heart's pole,
Then is Christ thy very soul.

George MacDonald.

DEEDS OF KINDNESS

Suppose the little cowslip
  Should hang its golden cup,
And say, " I'm such a tiny flower,
  I'd better not grow up! "

Deeds of Kindness

How many a weary traveller
  Would miss its fragrant smell!
How many a little child would grieve
  To miss it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
  Upon the grass should say,
"What can a little dew-drop do?
  I'd better roll away!"
The blade on which it rested,
  Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
  Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes
  Upon a summer's day
Should think themselves too small to cool
  The traveller on his way!
Who would not miss the smallest
  And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake
  If they were talking so?

How many deeds of kindness
  A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
  And little wisdom too!
It wants a loving spirit
  Much more than strength, to prove
How many things a child may do
  For others by its love.

Fanny van Alstyne.

THE GARDEN ON THE SANDS

Once on a time, some little hands
Planted a garden on the sands;
And with a wish to keep it dry,
They raised a wall two inches high.
Within the wall and round the walks,
They made a fence of slender stalks,
And then they formed an arbour cool,
And dug in front a tiny pool.
Their beds were oval, round and square,
Thrown up and trimmed with decent care:
In these they planted laurel twigs,
And prickly holly, little sprigs
Of ash and poplar, and for show
Bright daffodils, and heartsease low;
With pink-edged daisies by the score,
And buttercups and many more!
One rose they found with great delight,
And stuck it in with all their might!
This finished, then they went away,
Resolved to come another day.
The sea meanwhile, with solemn roar,
Approached and marked the sandy shore;
But all this time it did not touch
The little spot they loved so much;
And many strangers passing by,
The garden spied with smiling eye,
But no one ventured to disturb
A single plant, or flower, or herb.

The Garden on the Sands

Still, when the children came again,
They found their labour all in vain,
The flowers were drooping side by side,
The rose and heartsease, all had died—
No one could make them grow or shoot,
Because they had not got a root,
And then the soil it was so bad,
They must have withered if they had.

Now so it is that children fail,
Just like the garden in my tale;
They have good wishes, pleasant looks,
Are ready with their work and books;
Their conduct often gives delight,
And you might fancy all was right;
But by and by, with sad surprise,
We see how all this goodness dies,
Instead of being rich with fruit,
It fades away for want of root!
O pray that He who only can
Renew the heart of fallen man,
May plant you in His pleasant ground,
Where trees of righteousness abound;
So shall you be in early youth
"Rooted and grounded in the truth."

Mrs. Reed.

Part Nine: MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Part Nine: Miscellaneous Poems

THE MERRY HEART

Jog on, jog on the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

William Shakespeare.

ENGLAND

This royal throne of Kings, this sceptered isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built of Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.

William Shakespeare.

THE THAMES SUMMONED BY NEPTUNE

Old Father Ocean calls my tide:
Come away, come away;
The barks upon the billows ride,
The master will not stay:

The merry boatswain from his side
His whistle takes to check and chide
  The ling'ring lad's delay,
And all the crew aloud has cry'd,
  Come away, come away.

John Dryden.

THE LOST DOLL

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
  And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
  But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
  As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
  For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
  And her hair not the least bit curled:
Yet for old times' sake she is still, dears,
  The prettiest doll in the world.

Charles Kingsley.

MUSTARD AND CRESS

Elizabeth, my cousin, is the sweetest little girl,
From her eyes like dark blue pansies, to her tiniest golden curl;

Baby

I do not use her great long name, but simply call her Bess,
And yesterday I planted her in mustard and in cress.
My garden is so narrow that there's very little room,
But I'd rather have her name than get a hollyhock to bloom,
And before she comes to visit us with Charley and with Jess,
She'll pop up green and bonny out of mustard and of cress.

Norman Gale.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

"Bunches of grapes," says Timothy;
"Pomegranates pink," says Elaine;
"A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
For me," says Jane.

"Love-in-a-mist," says Timothy;
"Primroses pale," says Elaine;
"A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
For me," says Jane.

"Chariots of gold," says Timothy;
"Silvery wings," says Elaine;
"A bumpety ride in a wagon of hay
For me," says Jane.

Walter de la Mare.

BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get those eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry twinkles left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than any one knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into bonds and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

George MacDonald.

A MAN OF WORDS

A man of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds:
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.

Old Rhyme.

THE PEDLAR'S CARAVAN

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;

He has a wife with a baby brown,
And they go a-riding from town to town.

Chairs to mend, and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is like a bathing-machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the travels of Captain Cook!

William Brighty Rands.

THE SAND CASTLE

The tide is out, and all the strand
  Is glistening in the summer sun;
Let's build a castle of the sand—
  Oh! will not that be glorious fun?

With walls and outworks wide and steep,
  All round about we'll dig a moat,
And in the midst shall be the keep,
  Where England's flag may proudly float.

"I WISH I LIVED IN A CARAVAN,
WITH A HORSE TO DRIVE, LIKE A PEDLAR-MAN!"

The Pedlar's Caravan (Page 343)

The Windmill

And where a drawbridge ought to be,
We'll make a causeway to the shore,
Well paved with stones, for you and me
To get to land when tempests roar.

We'll sit within our citadel,
And watch the tide come o'er the rocks;
But we have built it strong and well;
It will not fall for common shocks.

The moat may fill, the waves may beat,
We watch the siege all undismayed,
Because, you know, we can retreat
Along the causeway we have made.

"Haul down your flag!" "Oh, no!" we shout,
Our drums and trumpets heard afar—
The castle sinks; but we march out
With all the honours of the war.

Anon.

THE WINDMILL

Four arms I have, with which I wing my way,
And round large circles in the sunbeams play,
Chasing each other as the wheels of coach,
Which though they speed, each other ne'er approach.
Within my house, arrayed in robes of white,
My helpmates work, from morning until night.
Much food I take, which goes my body through,
And then is rendered fit for food for you.

Anon.

THE RIVER-GOD'S SONG

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad
Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water, rising high,
As thou wadest, make thee cry,
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

THE DESSERT

With the apples and the plums
Little Carolina comes,
At the time of the dessert she
Comes and drops her new last curtsey;
Graceful curtsey, practised o'er
In the nursery before.
What shall we compare her to?
The dessert itself will do.
Like preserves she's kept with care,
Like blanch'd almonds she is fair,
Soft as down on peach her hair,
And so soft, so smooth is each
Pretty cheek as that same peach,
Yet more like in hue to cherries;
Then her lips, the sweet strawberries,

Our Treasure

Caroline herself shall try them
If they are not like when nigh them;
Her bright eyes as black as sloes,
But I think we've none of those
Common fruit here—and her chin
From a round point does begin,
Like the small end of a pear;
Whiter drapery she does wear
Than the frost on cake; and sweeter
Than the cake itself, and neater,
Though bedecked with emblems fine,
Is our little Caroline.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

OUR TREASURE

She was a treasure; she was sweet;
She was the darling of the Army and the Fleet!

When—she—smiled
The crews of the line-of-battle ships went wild!

When—she—cried—
Whole regiments reversed their arms and sighed!

When she was sick, for her sake
The Queen took off her crown and sobbed as if
her heart would break.

William Canton.

POLLY

Brown eyes,
  Straight nose;
Dirt pies,
  Rumpled clothes;

Torn books,
  Spoilt toys;
Arch looks,
  Unlike a boy's;

Little rages,
  Obvious arts,
(Three her age is)
  Cakes, tarts;

Falling down
  Off chairs;
Breaking crown
  Down stairs;

Catching flies
  On the pane;
Deep sighs,—
  Cause not plain;

Bribing you
  With kisses
For a few
  Farthing blisses;

Polly

Wide awake,
  As you hear,
" Mercy's sake,
  Quiet, dear! "

New shoes,
  New frock;
Vague views
  Of what's o'clock

When it's time
  To go to bed,
And scorn sublime
  For what is said;

Folded hands
  Saying prayers,
Understands
  Not, nor cares;

Thinks it odd,
  Smiles away;
Yet may God
  Hear her pray!

Bedgown white,
  Kiss Dolly;
Good-night!—
  That's Polly,

Fast asleep,
As you see;
Heaven keep
My girl for me!

William Brighty Rands.

BUBBLE-BLOWING

Our plot is small, but sunny limes
Shut out all cares and troubles;
And there my little girl at times
And I sit blowing bubbles.

The screaming swifts race to and fro;
Bees cross the ivied paling,
Draughts lift and set the globes we blow
In freakish currents sailing.

They glide, they dart, they soar, they break.
O joyous little daughter,
What lovely coloured worlds we make,
What crystal flowers of water!

One, green and rosy, slowly drops;
One soars and shines a minute,
And carries to the lime-tree tops
Our home, reflected in it.

The gable, with cream rose in bloom,
She sees from roof to basement;
"O father, there's your little room,"
She cries in glad amazement.

To Be Rid of Care

To her enchanted with the gleam,
The glamour and the glory,
The bubble home's a home of dream,
And I must tell its story.

Tell what we did, and how we played,
Withdrawn from care and trouble—
A father and his merry maid,
Whose house was in a bubble.

William Canton.

TO BE RID OF CARE

What shall we do to be rid of care?
Pack up her best clothes and pay her fare;

Pay her fare and let her go
By an early train to Jer-I-Cho.

There in Judæa she will be
Slumbering under a green palm-tree;

And the Arabs of the Desert will come round
When they see her lying on the ground,

And some will says "Did you ever see
Such a remark-a-bil babee?"

And others in the language the Arabs use,
"Nous n'avons jamais vu une telle papoose!"

And she will grow and grow; and then
She will marry a chief of the Desert Men;

And he will keep her from heat and cold,
And deck her in silk and satin and gold—

With bangles for her feet and jewels for her hair,
And other articles that ladies wear!

So pack up her best clothes and let her go
By an early train to Jer-I-Cho!

Pack up her best clothes and pay her fare;
So *we* shall be rid of trouble and care!

William Canton.

A BOY'S SONG

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,

The Child Musician

There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg.

THE CHILD MUSICIAN

He had played for his lordship's levée,
    He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
    And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew parched and eerie,
    And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said—too late—"He is weary!
    He shall rest for, at least, to-night!"

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With a sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the room.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in his bed:—
"Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!" was the last he said.

Austin Dobson.

THE LAMP-LIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at tea-time, and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry up with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE BEGINNING OF A BATTLE

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the scouts are all come in:
Keep your ranks close, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, gloves, arrows, shield and spears!
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempest pouring;
O, view the wings of horse the meadow scouring.
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drum!
Dub, dub.

They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes:
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the sky!
Hark how the trumpets sound!
Hark how the hills rebound!
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.
Beaumont and Fletcher.

THE SANDS O' DEE

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,—
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dark wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,

And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The blinding mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drownèd maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee.

They row'd her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

Charles Kingsley.

THE SONG OF THE CORN

Blow, wind, blow! The happy wind is blowing;
Shine, sun, shine, across the summer lea;
And if you'll only listen, as through the fields you're going,
You'll hear the gold corn singing as happy as can be.

Thud! thud! thud! the heavy flails are swinging,
Thud! thud! thud! upon the threshing-floor;
But still a merry song the cheerful corn is singing,
Although his little body is beaten very sore.

"OH! WHERE DO YOU COME FROM,
YOU LITTLE DROPS OF RAIN,
PITTER PATTER, PITTER PATTER,
DOWN THE WINDOW-PANE?"

Little Raindrops (Page 372)

The Bells

Grind! grind! grind! the stones are slowly wheeling;
Blow, wind, blow! the sails go round so fast;
And the mill has almost crushed it out of shape and
out of feeling,
But its noble little heart keeps singing to the last.

And I see the sturdy miller, his heavy sacks upbinding,
But still I hear that brave sweet song; and thus it seems
to me,
When the blows of life are falling and the mills of
labour grinding!
If we were only like the corn, how happy it would be.

Fred E. Weatherly.

THE BELLS

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they twinkle, twinkle, twinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gust of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! Now it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the starless ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,

The Bells

In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and crash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!
In the silence of the night,

How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,

The Water-mill

In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells,
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

THE WATER-MILL

"Any grist for the mill?"
How merrily it goes!
Flap, flap, flap, flap,
While the water flows.
Round-about, and round-about,
The heavy mill-stones grind,
And the dust flies all about the mill
And makes the miller blind.

"Any grist for the mill?"
The jolly farmer packs
His wagon with a heavy load
Of very heavy sacks.

Noisily, oh, noisily,
The mill-stones turn about:
You cannot make the miller hear
Unless you scream and shout.

"Any grist for the mill?"
The bakers come and go;
They bring their empty sacks to fill,
And leave them down below.
The dusty miller and his men
Fill all the sacks they bring,
And while they go about their work
Right merrily they sing.

"Any grist for the mill?"
How quickly it goes round!
Splash, splash, splash, splash,
With a whirring sound.
Farmers, bring your corn to-day;
And bakers, buy your flour;
Dusty millers, work away,
While it is in your power.

"Any grist for the mill?"
Alas! it will not go;
The river, too, is standing still,
The ground is white with snow.
And when the frosty weather comes,
And freezes up the streams,
The miller only hears the mill
And grinds the corn in dreams.

The Water-mill

Living close beside the mill,
  The miller's girls and boys
Always play at make-believe,
  Because they have no toys.
"Any grist for the mill?"
  The elder brothers shout,
While all the little petticoats
  Go whirling round about.

The miller's little boys and girls
  Rejoice to see the snow.
"Good father, play with us to-day;
  You cannot work, you know.
We will be the mill-stones,
  And you shall be the wheel;
We'll pelt each other with the snow,
  And it shall be the meal."

Oh, heartily the miller's wife
  Is laughing at the door:
She never saw the mill worked
  So merrily before.
"Bravely done, my little lads,
  Rouse up the lazy wheel,
For money comes but slowly in
  When snow-flakes are the meal."

Anne Hawkshaw.

CHANTICLEER THE COCK AND RUSSELL THE FOX

There in the dust, to bathe right pleasantly,
Lies Pertelote, and all her sisters by,
Full in the sun; and Chanticleer so free
Sang merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
For learned men have told us truthfully
How mermaids sing sweetly and merrily.
And so it chanced that—as he cast his eye
Where 'mong the flowers he saw a butterfly—
He spied the fox there crouching very low.
And then indeed he had no heart to crow,
But cried aloud, "Cok, cok," and up did start
Like one who feels a quaking at his heart.
For nature makes all beasts desire to flee
From enemies as soon as them they see,
Even if before they never met their eye.
So Chanticleer, when he the fox did spy,
He would have fled, but that the fox said, "Oh:
My gentle sir, alas! where will you go?
For fear of me, your friend, are you in grief?
Now certainly I were a cruel thief
If I to you meant hurt or villainy.
I am not here upon your plans to spy.
Truly the only cause that did me bring
Was just to hearken to you as you sing.
For certainly you have as sweet a voice
As angels have that do in heaven rejoice.

Besides, your music has a sweeter ring
Than all the lovely songs that poets sing.
Your noble father (whom I hold in praise),
Also your mother, with her gentle ways,
Once visited my house, to my delight;
And truly, sir, I would you now invite.
But now—to speak of singing a sweet air
Upon my word of honour I declare,
Except your own, I never heard a lay
Like to your father's at the break of day.
Straight from his noble heart he poured his song;
And that his voice he might make yet more strong,
He strained so eagerly, that both his eyes
He had to wink, so high and loud his cries,
And stand upon his tip-toes for his song,
Stretching aloft his neck so slim and long.
Sing me a song then, sir, for kindness' sake,
Show me if one like his you now can make."
Then Chanticleer his wings began to beat,
So flattered was he by this crafty cheat.
Then Chanticleer stood high upon his toes,
Stretching his neck and shutting both eyes close,
And proudly then and there began to sing;
Now Russell, the red fox, has made his spring,
And seizing Chanticleer, as there he stood,
Swung him behind, and galloped for the wood.

* * * * *

A simple widow and her daughters two
Heards the hens crying forth their tale of woe,

And out of doors at once they madly sped
And saw the fox as to the wood he fled
Carrying upon his back the cock away;
Whereon they screamed, "Alack and well-a-day!
Ha, ha, the fox!" And after him they flew,
And armed with sticks went many another too;
Ran Col, our dog, and Talbot and Gerland,
And Malkin with a distaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf; and even the very hogs
In terror at the barking of the dogs
And shouting of the men and women too,
Ran so as if they'd burst their hearts in two.
And as they ran they cried out loud and shrill.
Quacked all the ducks as if men would them kill.
The geese for fear flew over tops of trees:
Out of the hive swift came the swarm of bees;
So hideous were the noise and clamour then
That of a truth Jack Straw and all his men
Never made cries one half so fierce and shrill,
When they set forth their Flemish foe to kill,
As were this day shouted against the fox.
Trumpets they brought made both of brass and box,
Of horn, of bone, on which great blasts they blew,
While others whooped to swell the hullabaloo.
It seemed as if the sky itself would fall.
But for the Moral, please you, listen all!
Mark you how Fortune suddenly will strike
At all the plans of those she does not like!
The cock that lay upon the fox's head,
Though full of fear, unto the fox thus said,

Chanticleer the Cock and Russell the Fox

"Sir, if I were in the same place as you,
I'd round and say ('tis not a lie, but true)
Go home again, ye men and women all!
I wish a pestilence on you would fall!
At last the entrance to the wood I gain,
And—do your worst—the cock shall here remain.
I'll eat him right enough, ere set of sun."
The fox replied, "I promise 'twill be done."
And as these words the crafty reynard spoke,
Out of his jaws the cock now nimbly broke,
And high upon a tree he straightway flew.
And when the fox did see him there in view,
"Alas," said he, "O Chanticleer, alas,
Perhaps you think this day I did trespass
When on your hen-roost I did make a raid
And bore you off—I fear somewhat afraid.
But, sir, I did it with no black intent.
Come down, and I will tell you what I meant.
No lies I'll tell, but only what is true."
"Nay," said the cock, "first perish both us two!
And first may evil take me, blood and bones,
If you with lies can cheat me more than once.
Never again shall you with flatteries
Tempt me to sing and so to close my eyes.
To him that shuts his eyes when he should see
May never Fortune send prosperity."
"Nay," said the fox, "but may ill-fortune come
To fools who babble when they should be dumb."

(*Adapted from*) *Chaucer.*

LITTLE RAINDROPS

Oh! where do you come from,
  You little drops of rain,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
  Down the window-pane?

They won't let me walk
  And they won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
  Out of doors at all to-day.

They put away my playthings
  Because I broke them all,
And they locked up all my bricks,
  And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
  Is that the way you play,
Pitter patter, pitter patter,
  All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
  But I've nothing else to do
But sit here at the window;
  I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak,
  But "pitter, patter pat"
Means, "we can play on *this* side:
  Why can't you play on *that?*"

Anne Hawkshaw.

KIND MARY

Before the bright sun rises over the hill,
In the cornfield kind Mary is seen,
Impatient her little blue apron to fill
With the few scattered ears she can glean.

She never leaves off, or runs out of her place,
To play, or to idle, or chat;
Except now and then to cool her hot face,
And fan herself with her broad hat.

"Poor girl! hard at work in the heat of the sun,
How tired and warm you must be!
Why don't you leave off, as the others have done,
And sit with them under the tree?"

"O no, for my mother lies ill in her bed,
Too feeble to spin or to knit;
And my poor little brothers are crying for bread,
O how can I then idling sit!"

Anon.

POOR DOG TRAY

On the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
"Oh! remember your Sheelah when far, far away;
And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray."

Poor dog! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
And he constantly loved me, although I was poor;
When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face,
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

Thomas Campbell.

THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;

The Sea

It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love (O! how I love) to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide!
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born,
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea!

Barry Cornwall.

SONG OF THE WOODEN-LEGGED FIDDLER

I lived in a cottage adown in the West
When I was a boy, a boy;
But I knew no peace and I took no rest
Though the roses nigh smothered my snug little nest;
For the smell of the sea
Was much rarer to me,
And the life of a sailor was all my joy.
CHORUS—*The life of a sailor was all my joy!*

My mother she wept, and she begged me to stay
Anchored for life to her apron-string,
And soon she would want me to help wi' the hay;
So I bided her time, then I flitted away
On a night of delight in the following spring,
With a pair of stout shoon
And a seafaring tune
And a bundle and stick in the light of the moon,
Down the long road
To Portsmouth I strode,
To fight like a sailor for country and king.
CHORUS—*To fight like a sailor for country and king.*

Choosing a Name

And now that my feet are turned homeward again
  My heart is still crying Ahoy! Ahoy!
And my thoughts are still out on the Spanish main
A-chasing the frigates of France and Spain,
  For at heart an old sailor is always a boy;
    And his nose will still itch
    For the powder and pitch
  Till the days when he can't tell t'other from which,
  Nor a grin o' the guns from a glint o' the sea,
  Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me.
    Chorus—*Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me.*

Ay! Now that I'm old I'm as bold as the best,
  And the life of a sailor is all my joy;
    Though I've swapped my leg
    For a wooden peg
And my head is as bald as a new-laid egg,
    The smell of the sea
    Is like victuals to me,
And I think in the grave I'll be crying Ahoy!
  For, though my old carcass is ready to rest,
  At heart an old sailor is always a boy.
    Chorus—*At heart an old sailor is always a boy.*

Alfred Noyes.

CHOOSING A NAME

I have got a new-born sister;
I was nigh the first that kissed her.

When the nursing woman brought her
To papa, his infant daughter,
How papa's dear eyes did glisten!—
She will shortly be to christen:
And papa has made the offer,
I shall have the naming of her.
Now I wonder what would please her,
Charlotte, Julia, or Louisa.
Ann and Mary, they're too common;
Joan's too formal for a woman;
Jane's a prettier name beside;
But we had a Jane that died.
They would say, if 'twas Rebecca,
That she was a little Quaker.
Edith's pretty, but that looks
Better in old English books;
Ellen's left off long ago;
Blanche is out of fashion now.
None that I have named as yet
Are as good as Margaret.
Emily is neat and fine.
What do you think of Caroline?
How I am puzzled and perplexed
What to choose or think of next!
I am in a little fever.
Lest the name that I shall give her
Should disgrace her or defame her
I will leave papa to name her.

Charles Lamb.

"I HAVE GOT A NEW-BORN SISTER;
I WAS NIGH THE FIRST THAT KISSED HER."

Choosing a Name (Page 377)

GOING INTO BREECHES

Joy to Philip, he this day
Has his long coats cast away,
And (the childish season gone)
Puts the manly breeches on.
Officer on gay parade,
Red-coat in his first cockade,
Bridegroom in his wedding trim,
Birthday beau surpassing him,
Never did with conscious gait
Strut about in half the state,
Or the pride (yet free from sin)
Of my little Manikin:
Never was there pride, or bliss,
Half so rational as his.
Sashes, frocks, to those that need 'em—
Philip's limbs have got their freedom—
He can run, or he can ride,
And do twenty things beside,
Which his petticoats forbad:
Is he not a happy lad?
Now he's under other banners
He must leave his former manners;
Bid adieu to female games,
And forget their very names,
Puss in Corners, Hide and Seek,
Sports for girls and punies weak!
Baste the Bear he now may play at,
Leap-frog, Foot-ball, sport away at,

Show his skill and strength at Cricket,
Mark his distance, pitch his wicket,
Run about in winter's snow
Till his cheeks and fingers glow,
Climb a tree, or scale a wall,
Without any fear to fall.
If he get a hurt or bruise,
To complain he must refuse,
Though the anguish and the smart
Go unto his little heart,
He must have his courage ready,
Keep his voice and visage steady,
Brace his eye-balls stiff as drum,
That a tear may never come,
And his grief must only speak
From the colour in his cheek.
This and more he must endure,
Hero he in miniature!
This and more must now be done
Now the breeches are put on.

Charles and Mary Lamb.

THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS FAVOURITE STEED

My beautiful! my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye,
Fret not to roam the desert now, with all thy wingèd speed,
I may not mount on thee again—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!
Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind—
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;

The Arab's Farewell to His Favourite Steed

The stranger hath thy bridle-rein—thy master hath *his* gold—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell; thou'rt sold, my steed,
thou'rt sold.

Farewell! those free, untired limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry sky which clouds the stranger's
home;
Some other hand, less fond, must now thy corn and bed prepare,
Thy silky mane, I braided once, must be another's care!
The morning sun shall dawn again, but never more with thee
Shall I gallop through the desert paths, where we were wont
to be;
Evening shall darken on the earth, and o'er the sandy plain
Some other steed, with slower step, shall bear me home again.

Yes, thou must go! the wild, free breeze, the brilliant sun and
sky,
Thy master's house—from all of these my exiled one must fly;
Thy proud dark eye will grow less proud, thy step become less
fleet,
And vainly shalt thou arch thy neck thy master's hand to meet.
Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye, glancing bright;—
Only in sleep shall I hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arm to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I, starting, wake to feel,—thou'rt *sold*, my Arab
steed!

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side:
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes, which rest on thee, may count each starting
vein.

Will they ill-use thee? If I thought—but no, it cannot be—
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed; so gentle, yet so free:
And yet, if haply, when thou'rt gone, my lonely heart should yearn—
Can the hand which cast thee from it now command thee to return?

Return! alas! my Arab steed! what shall thy master do,
When thou, who wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance cheats mine eye, and through the gathering tears,
Thy bright form, for a moment, like a false mirage appears;
Slow and unmounted shall I roam, with weary step alone,
Where with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by that green well, I'll pause and sadly think,
"It was here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink!"

When last I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er—
I could not live a day, and *know* that we should meet no more!
They tempted me, my beautiful!—for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful!—but I have loved too long.
Who said that I had given thee up? who said that thou wast sold?
'Tis false—'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus, thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains;
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains!

Mrs. Norton.

SEVEN TIMES TWO

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover:
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green matted heather,
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather;
O, children take long to grow.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the days when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O, bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

Jean Ingelow.

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER,
THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS BORN,
THE LITTLE WINDOW WHERE THE SUN
CAME PEEPING IN AT MORN."

I Remember, I Remember (Page 386)

The Cataract of Lodore

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

Thomas Hood.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time;
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme.
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store:

And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was Laureate
To them and the King.

From its sources which well
In the Tarn on the fell;
From its fountains,
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake
It runs and its creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little Lake.
And thence at departing
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-scurry.
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,
Till in this rapid race
On which it is bent,

The Cataract of Lodore

It reaches the place
Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging
As if a war waging
It's caverns and rocks among:
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and ringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting
Around and around
With endless rebound!
Smiting and fighting
A sight to delight in;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the
ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,

And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning;
And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering;

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And following and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,

Ring Out, Wild Bells

And clattering and battering and shattering,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

Robert Southey.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Alfred Tennyson.

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